

BRITANNIA

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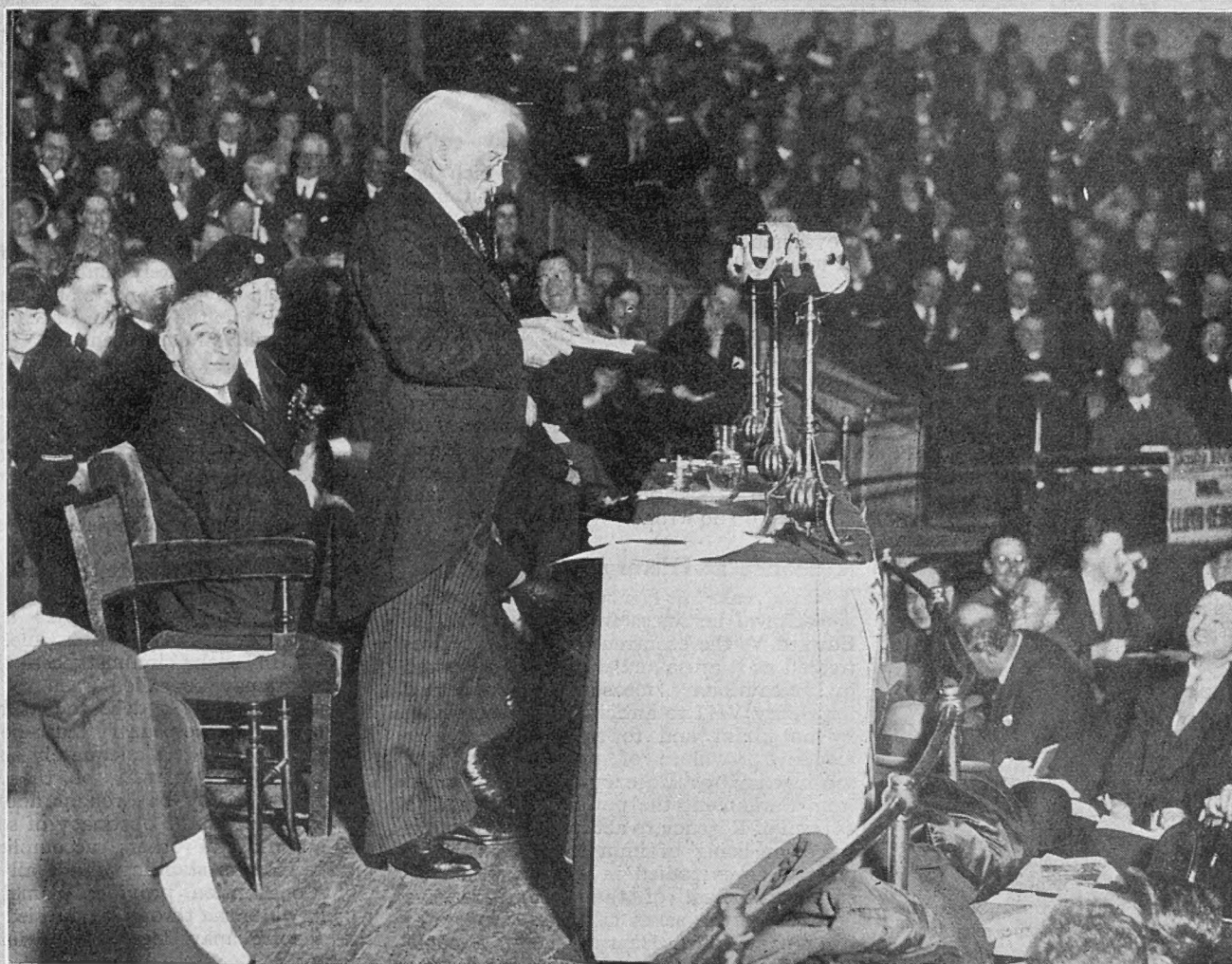
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No. 28



The Happy Warrior: Mr. Lloyd George at the Albert Hall during one of his happiest moments.

BY friend and foe alike Mr. Lloyd George has been given the honourable title of "The Happy Warrior." It is a great tribute, for if the title means anything it means a man who is never tired of fighting. But the Happy Warrior must also, of necessity, be a supreme optimist.

The day of defeat must find him as imbued with hope as the day of victory finds him filled with pride. He must be a man for all emergencies; resolute, courageous, resourceful; mentally athletic. The number of his enemies, the strength of their hatred, will be alike to him as sustenance for new strength and encouragement for the breaking of lances. The methods

by which he fights will be his own and in the hour of triumph he will rarely share his honours with anyone else.

For the Happy Warrior is an individualist—he believes that the great power of life lies in the expression of one's own personality and, if necessary, the imposing of it upon others.

The Happy Warrior is complete within and unto himself. If he has to fight with others he will lead them and they will follow, if he has to fight alone he will set his back to the wall and will not flinch until it gives way behind him.

The difficulties of life exist only to be overcome, and when things are at their worst the Happy Warrior is at

his best. But he is sometimes defeated and may, to heal his wounds, retire, only because he must, for rest and convalescence. Then it is that those who do not understand his temperament because they are afraid of it laugh, and are comforted. He has fought his last fight.

For the Happy Warrior there is no last fight until there is no life left.

He may not be justified of his faith any more than he is always justified of his methods, but that he should have the courage to hold the one and apply the other is a tribute to the qualities which have always excited the admiration of men even when they have aroused their hostility.

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A Regency?

By the *Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead*, G.C.S.I., D.L., P.C.

In this authoritative article Lord Birkenhead discusses the question of a Regency, both from the legal and historical point of view, which has arisen now that the King is unable to assist his ministers by counsel.

FROM the perilous abyss skirted in the crisis of his illness, His Majesty the King has been gradually retracing his steps; the cautiously optimistic tones of recent bulletins have found ocular confirmation in the photographs reproduced in the newspapers and a loyal nation awaits the necessarily slow completion of the King's cure at the hand of a physician whose name subscribes no bulletins. Time alone can complete the almost miraculous labours of the King's medical advisers. While we can rejoice in the progress which they have achieved, their careful prognosis compels us to accept the prospect of a prolonged and undisturbed convalescence. No burdens of state are to be allowed to hamper the careful measured advance. In these circumstances it is advisable to consider the legal position which arises when the reigning monarch is unable to assist his ministers by counsel.

Precautionary Legislation.

ALTHOUGH the course of succession to the throne is unquestioned, and although its occupant is constitutionally circled by requirement of compliance with law in all his acts, his demise or his disability have their legal and constitutional repercussions. We are happily spared a consideration of the situation peculiar to the former alternative, specially important as it would be in the event of its coincidence with the expiration of a Parliament.

Remote as it may now be, the contingency of demise has formed the subject of precautionary legislation during the present reign. The tender years of the heir apparent when the reign began moved His Majesty to address this message to Parliament in June, 1910: "The uncertainty of human life and a deep sense of My duty to My people render it incumbent upon me to recommend to you to consider contingencies which may hereafter take place and to make such provision as will, in any event, secure the exercise of the Royal authority." Parliament, in accordance with precedence, passed a Regency Bill to provide that "if on the death of His present Majesty (whom God long preserve)" any of his children should succeed to the throne, Queen Mary was to be guardian and Regent until the child attained the age of eighteen.

It is in one sense inaccurate to ascribe any form of disability to the Crown. The common law of England confers upon the ruler the character of perfection. A child upon the throne can scribble a legally effective consent to an Act of Parliament.

But the commonsense of ages which has moulded our constitution has consistently made provision for the occasions when the Royal hands have not grown to the strength of manhood. The occasions when this has been found necessary have often formed landmarks in constitutional development. In the earliest instance, the minority of Henry III, government was placed in the hands of a regency council and it is to this council that we trace the origin of the modern principle of responsibility of ministers for the acts of the Crown. This is the basis and justification of the rule, apparently so inconsistent with constitutional monarchy, "the King can do no wrong."

A Glance at History.

IN the case of Henry III, as in other mediæval instances from Edward III to Edward V, the occurrence of minority was treated as it arose and was not anticipated by precautionary measures; it remained for Henry VIII to anticipate his succession by an infant and to establish the more modern procedure of providing for the contingency by a Regency Act. He obtained from Parliament the power to nominate a Council of Regency to act in the event of his successor being of immature years. This power was embodied in an Act which by curious reversal of the natural relative position of the sexes adjudges the age of wisdom at which Henry's successor could dispense with the Council at eighteen in the case of a male, and sixteen in the case of a female. Several other Regency Acts providing for the eventuality of infancy have since been passed but, with the exception of the Act of Henry VIII, none has come into operation.

The incapacity of infancy can be foreseen and provided against; but it is impossible to forecast the incidence of ill-health, and it would be impolitic and improper to make provision against its occurrence when Government is in the hands of a personal Sovereign. Circumstances of this character have to be dealt with as they arise, and the flexible nature of our constitution bends to the occasion.

The Present Position.

FROM the legal point of view there are two variants of disability to consider. It may, on the one hand, take the form of an incapacity so severe that the Sovereign is unable to assist Parliament or his ministers in the slightest degree in the steps which they may consider necessary to take. On

the other hand it may, while sufficiently severe to prevent a sovereign from effectively discharging the duties of his high office, yet leave him sufficient strength to assist in the deliberations and to execute the measures necessary to deal with the contingency. It is fortunate that the former is not the circumstance to-day.

The present position falls within the latter alternative. Thus it has been possible, by an exercise of the prerogative actively concurred in by the King, to provide for the exercise of acts of the royal power by the appointment of a Council of State. For the conduct of affairs in the past months the Council has adequately functioned. But it suffers from obvious defects as a medium of the duties of the Crown in certain not unlikely political contingencies.

In the event of the present Government failing to secure at the General Election that expression of the country's confidence to which their record entitles them, two members of the Council, the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, could not suitably retain their membership of it and the Council therefore lacks the essential character of continuity. Should the country turn from its adherence to the Conservatives it may fail to do so with a definite indication of an alternative government: a Parliamentary deadlock is not impossible.

It is in such circumstances that the sovereign may be called upon to exercise personal duties of a delicate nature. The government of the country must be carried on, and by Ministers adequately supported in Parliament. It may be that such a position will only be brought about by a reconciliation of the obstinacy of some and the ambition of others, accomplished by high personage standing above all politics. Our Constitution provides a method by which, while the throne is occupied by one, the sceptre may legally be wielded by another.

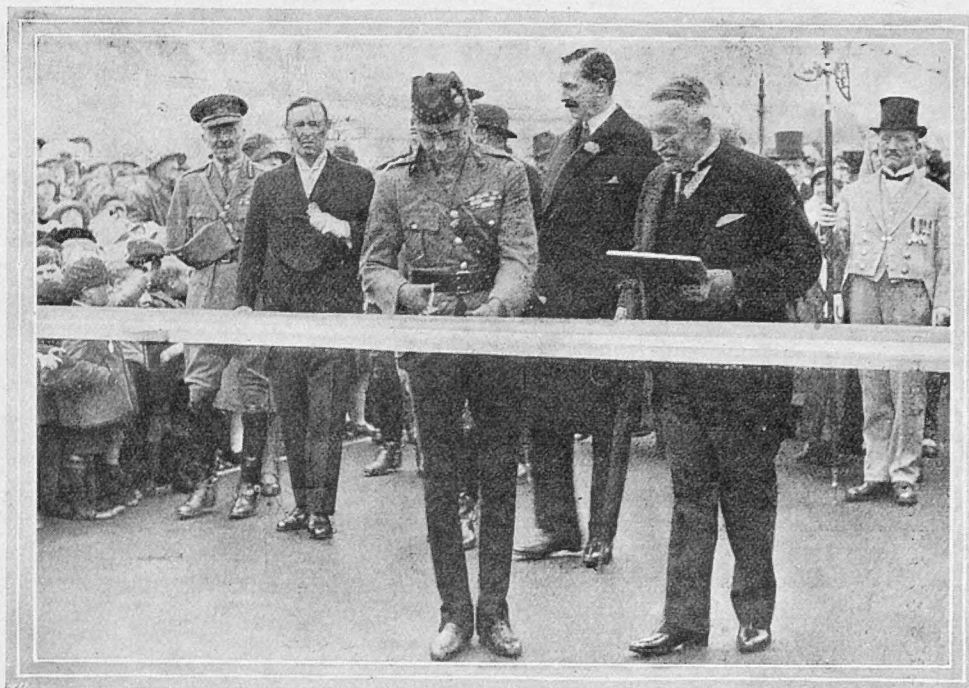
The Illness of George III.

EXCLUDING revolutionary precedents, if they can so be described, there is one classic instance of a constitutional position comparable to the present—that which arose in the reign of George III. The comparison is not complete, for George III fell under a complete disability; but the disputes which arose concerning the proper measures to cope with the situation provide clear authority for the course to be followed if a Regency should now be considered desirable.

In December, 1788, the Royal doctors issued a report that the King was seriously incapacitated. The medical profession in those days had not secured the almost unquestionable respect which their opinions now command; the doctors and their report were examined by a Committee of the Privy Council. The examination confirmed the report and the Parliamentary calm of years was rudely disturbed by fierce controversy concerning the proper steps to be taken.

Fox, leading the Whigs in Opposition, asserted the unquestionable right of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV) to assume an unrestricted Regency. The Whig advocacy of the doctrine of hereditary right, a curious reversal of their traditional policy, was influenced and inspired by the prospect of a summons to office by the Regent—the lively gratitude of a Prince whose profligacy they had assisted in redeeming out of the National Exchequer.

Pitt replied that the claim advanced by the Whigs implied a revival of the Divine Right of Kings. He insisted that, before a Regency could be legally constituted, it would require the consent of both Houses and that Parliament could limit in advance the Regent's powers. The Tories had always been the upholders of hereditary right, but the principle was sacrificed. The laws of natural succession operate instantaneously; Parliamentary legislation involves delay;



The Prince of Wales has had a long and varied experience in the carrying out of official duties. He has frequently represented the King. His Royal Highness is seen opening Berwick Royal Tweed Bridge.



The Prince of Wales in Glasgow. A visit to the Scottish Co-operative Buildings. Laying a wreath on the Cenotaph.

blasphemously expressed in a contemporary Whig doggerel

*Tears which, stealing down
the cheek
Of the rugged Thurlow,
speak
All the poignant grief he
feels
For his Sovereign—or the
Seals.*

The Authority of Parliament.

NO frontal attack upon the supreme authority of Parliament has ever succeeded—a fact of which Trade Unions have made a recent costly discovery. The onslaught of the Whig Opposition also failed.

The struggle for office disguised as a constitutional controversy was concluded in favour of Pitt and his Government, after the Prince had disclaimed any absolute right to the Regency. Parliament had established that in its hands lay the right to appoint a Regent and to restrict his powers. But there was an obvious difficulty.

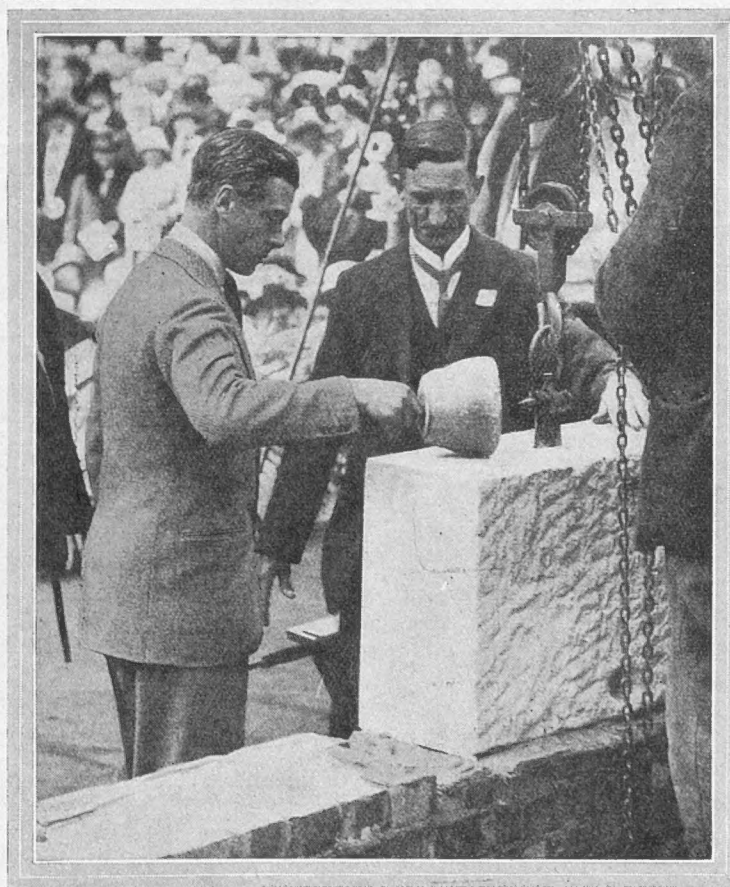
How was Parliament to express its will? If by an Act, how was the Royal Assent, essential to its legality, to be obtained from a King completely incapacitated?

Solvent of the difficulty was discovered in the acid of legal fiction. By a resolution of both Houses the Chancellor was directed to attach the Great Seal to a commission authorising the opening of a Parliament which the King could not summon and the assent to a Regency Act which the King could not sign.

THE PRINCE'S ABILITY.

IT has been pointed out that the circumstances of 1788 in many respects fail to parallel those of 1929, and it would be an insult to political intelligence to suggest that the individual on whom Parliament would confer the Regency by an Act assented to by His Majesty, or the powers bestowed upon the Regent, would become the sport of party politics.

Happily the circumstances of the present case do not present difficulty in choice.



At the Centenary of the West Herts Hospital at Hemel Hempstead. The Prince of Wales declaring the stone well and truly laid.

and the Tory Government wanted time.

The unedifying spectacle of the influence exerted by Party interest on the professed principles of the Government and the Opposition was capped in the House of Lords by a Lord Chancellor who thundered argument and rained tears against an Opposition with whom he was in secret negotiation for the retention of his office in the event of a Regency.

It was in the course of this debate in the Lords that Lord Thurlow perorated a lachrymose and histrionic address with the famous phrase, "When I forget my King, may my God forget me."

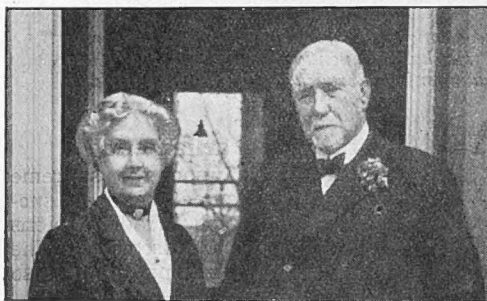
There was some justification for the immediate comment of the notorious John Wilkes, seated on the steps of the Throne, "God forget you? He will see you damned first." Contempt of the Chancellor was less

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

~ A Critical Survey of Current Events ~

I DOUBT whether there is anybody, outside of Whitehall and the Cabinet, who is satisfied with the present state of Anglo-Russian relations. That is why the British Industrial Mission to Russia is being followed with the closest interest by manufacturers and financiers who have small patience with the obstacles thrown by Governments in the way of trade.

Great Britain and Russia, from the commercial standpoint, are natural complements and except, perhaps, in South America there is no market it would be better worth our while to cultivate. We took by far the most important part in the development of America between 1865 and 1900. We could do the same in Russia, a country not less backward and not less potentially wealthy than the United States of two generations ago. Political extremism,



Sir Walter and Lady Runciman celebrated their Diamond Wedding last week. The famous ship-owner, who started his career as a cabin boy, is father of the Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman, Parliamentarian and Banker.

and nothing else, in Moscow and in London, is keeping at arms' length two peoples who have everything to gain by being on terms of the friendliest and most intimate intercourse.

"The Farce" of the National.

THE experts are still at it, hammer and tongs, over "the farce" of the Grand National as it is to-day and "the tragedy" it threatens to become to-morrow. A dozen ingenious schemes for diminishing the entry by altering the conditions of the race have been put forward but, so far, all have been riddled by the quiet observation that the Grand National is, and must always remain, unique.

Still, when it comes to 66 horses, whose numbers in a year or two may swell to 100, charging simultaneously at the same fence, the line that separates sport from a gamble begins to wear rather thin. Meanwhile, the occurrence of two 100 to 1 winners, right at the beginning of the flat-racing season, has quickened even the densest imagination.

The Stock Exchange sweep will this year be

larger, and numbers in it more sought after than ever. We have abolished State lotteries in Great Britain but, thank heaven, the unofficial substitutes, as we know them in London and Calcutta, seem to be quite adequate.

The Sinking of "I'm Alone."

THE better-class American journals have already expressed themselves vigorously enough on the sinking of the British schooner *I'm Alone*, and I only hope the British and Canadian authorities will be as outspoken and as firm. Downing Street has the habit of running away whenever a serious Anglo-American issue appears, but Ottawa can be trusted to stick to its guns, especially as this is the first grave question that has arisen between the two countries since a Canadian Minister was appointed to Washington.

Incidentally I note that one American paper, strongly condemning the outrage as a case of "Prohibition gone mad," remarks that the Volstead Act is one that we have helped Americans to enforce, although it is alien to our spirit and destructive to our commercial interests. That is very nicely put, but it is not quite accurate. Prohibition in America has been anything but destructive of British commercial interests. In fact, we are almost paying our war debt in drink—and for the same reason that all the Canadian

and British Columbian breweries and distilleries are having the time of their lives.

The American Ambassador.

MR. HOUGHTON, who left London last week after his four years' stay among us, has been an American Ambassador of an unusual type. Most of his predecessors here revelled in publicity, and have regarded it as the most useful part of their duties to go everywhere and meet everyone, unveil monuments, deliver addresses, and become a sort of Lecturer-at-Large and After-Dinner Speaker in Chief to the British people. And very well they have done it.

No country in any capital has ever been so brilliantly represented as has America in London during the past forty years. Mr. Houghton cut rather away from this literary peripatetic tradition. He was more political-minded than any of his forerunners. He preferred to do his work behind the scenes.

A well-equipped student of national psychology and of political forces, he came to understand us thoroughly, and during the difficult months that followed the breakdown of the Geneva Conference his deft and restrained touch helped more than once to restore the balance of good feeling.

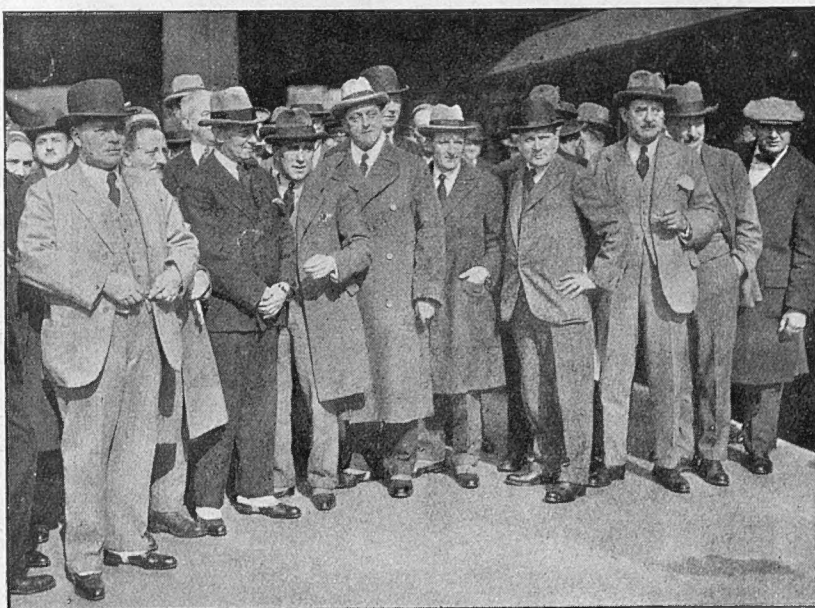
Soft Jobs in Oil.

THERE is a mystery that I now know I shall never succeed in penetrating. After all the questions and answers in the House of Commons, since the petrol combine had the bad manners to put up the price of petrol without a word of warning or explanation, the precise status, functions and public usefulness of the two Government directors on the board of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company are more obscure than ever.

They are paid apparently by the Company and not by the Exchequer; their salaries are on the same basis as those of the other directors; and they may sit on the boards of the various subsidiary concerns formed out of the parent company and be further remunerated for doing so. Financially, therefore, the job seems to be one of the best things going in this much-narrowed world of Government opportunities. But as the two official directors take no part in the commercial management of the com-



Mr. Houghton, the American Ambassador, who has left London after four years of distinguished service. He made many lasting friendships and was held in high respect by all who came into contact with him.



Ninety delegates, representing 150 British firms and trading organisations, are visiting Russia with the object of reviewing the possibilities of the reopening of trade with that country. Our picture shows some of the Trade Mission at Victoria Station before their departure for the Continent.

pany and do not pretend, so far as I can make out, to be in any effective fashion the guardians of the public interests, I do not know what they do to earn their salaries.

When the State's intervention in business is carried to its fullest extent under a Socialist regime, I suppose comfortable little billets of this kind will be as thick as crocuses in the parks.

"Tay Pay's" Memoirs.

ALL of us who have known, loved and laughed at "T.P." these many years will congratulate the indomitable veteran on his first volume of memoirs. Like everything he writes they make capital reading even though the period and the events with which he deals are so remote from the present as to be already historical.

"T.P." has owed a great deal to the good luck that found him a safe and faithful seat in Liverpool. Though few men have worked harder for Irish Home Rule and though he himself fulfils many of the average Englishman's ideas of a typical Irishman, Ireland is a country he has rarely visited and does not know at all intimately.

Mr. Dooley's little jest at "T.P." speaking "on behalf of my beloved country which I sometimes see on the map on my way down to the House" had its point. And I remember a delightful tale of an ardent American Home Ruler who was congratulating "T.P." on the imminent approach of Home Rule, and picturing the delight with which he would transplant himself from London to become a Minister in the first Irish Parliament in Dublin. "T.P." listened with becoming gravity, and then asked "Have ye ever been in Dooblin?"

"Baldwin's Men."

I FIND several friends of mine who are standing as Conservatives in various parts of the country are convinced that the best card they hold is Mr. Baldwin himself. They are persuaded that the man and his character make more appeal to the average voter than any talk about the record of the Government. They are therefore proclaiming themselves "Baldwin's men." They are placarding their constituencies with his photograph. They are fighting the election on his personality as an embodiment of the straightforwardness of the British character.

Whether they are right in this I do not know, but it is an interesting development. Except Asquith, he is the only Prime Minister since Lord Salisbury's time who is also an Englishman. To play him up as such may be the best electioneering tactics.

The Cure for Unemployment.

THE rush to claim the paternity for the unemployment scheme with which Mr. Lloyd George has enlivened our politics is becoming quite des-

perate. Mr. Garvin, who is sure of everything, is positive he first had the brilliant idea of designating unemployment as the supreme issue of the election. Lord Beaverbrook has discovered that he offered the "L.L.-G." plan to the Conservatives some time last November.

If Lord Melchett were to join in the scramble he would be able, I im-

original author, "L.L.-G." has the credit for turning the issue to dramatic political account. The veteran has not lost his touch.

Prince of Press Agents.

THERE has been in London during the past fortnight a very interesting and influential American, Mr. Ivy Lee. He is the prince of Press agents. A man of sound economic knowledge, an excellently vivid writer and speaker, and with an instinct for the handling of large affairs, he has made himself the recognised exponent of the views of Big Business.

Huge interests like oil, steel, copper, and

the railways have found it immensely to their advantage to employ him as their spokesman. His advocacy of their cases has always been above-board, cogent, and as much in the public interests as in those of the concerns whose actions and whose policies he was recommending. Thirty years ago the Trusts were anathema to the ordinary citizen and the ordinary politician. To-day Americans are proud of them without being afraid of them. The change is very largely due to the brilliant propaganda which Mr. Ivy Lee has placed at the service of economic good sense.



Getting ready for the General Election. Mr. Hubert Duggan, the youngest son of the Marchioness Curzon, addresses the electors of East Ham South where he is Conservative Candidate.



The Prime Minister and Lord Birkenhead see Cambridge win the inter-Varsity sports by 7 events to 4 at Stamford Bridge. Standing with Lord Birkenhead is Lord Burghley, the Olympic hurdler, while Dr. Salisbury Woods is with Mr. Baldwin.

agine, without much difficulty to show that while he was a member of the Coalition Government and the chairman of the Unemployment Committee, he hatched a scheme, very much like "L.L.-G.'s" to-day and based on a loan of, I think, £150,000,000. The Premier actually agreed to it until Sir Robert Horne, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, weighed in with some peremptory Treasury objections and refused to sanction more than £10,000,000. But whoever was the

How Fortunes are Made.

THE fight which is now grimly on between the Ford interests and General Motors for the control of the foreign markets reminds me of an incident in the history of the latter company. Some fifteen years ago a friend of mine, a well-known New York lawyer, decided, after a detailed examination of various industrial concerns, that General Motors was the best of them all in which to invest his money. The stock then stood at about \$30. He strongly recommended them to his friends. No one would listen to him. Finally, he bullied and clubbed his butler, and his footman, and his wife's maid, and some poor relations in Brooklyn into buying them on his guarantee. The result was that they all made fortunes.

But the wise men of his own class would have nothing to do with this new-fangled venture. I suppose the same thing is happening every day all over the world.



The Funeral of Marshal Foch.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
"Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
"Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair
"And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

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POLITICAL REVISIONS.

THE clutch of five eggs which were hatched out by old Dame Partlet just before Easter has made a great stir in the political farmyard. The little red chick in North Lanark had been expected, as the miners of that region are apt to be socially inclined, but the two Liberal cheepers at Holland-with-Boston and Eddisbury came as a surprise to most people. The Socialists, especially, had been confidently counting on a victory in Lincolnshire. Then the two Conservative birds which came out of the shells of Bath and East Toxteth were judged to be rather weakly. And so, taking one thing with another, Easter has been a season of political revisions, and there has been quite a run of hens to the Welsh chanticleer.

In Fleet Street especially there has been a great commotion. Lord Rothermere (in the *Sunday Dispatch*) has gone all out for Mr. Lloyd George, and (in the *Daily Mail*) proposes a Coalition between Conservatives and Liberals as the only way to save the country from the Socialists. Lord Beaverbrook, also, has been notably attracted to the roads-and-bridges policy of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Garvin has made a complete somersault as he is apt to do at the first sign of a change in the weather.

This easy newspaper victory for Mr. Lloyd George is likely to be more important in its political effects than the mere gain of two seats. The Easter palms—there is no denying—have gone to the Liberal leader.

Farmer Giles.

THE farmers, of course, have had a good deal to do with it. For some years there has been a growing feud between the National Farmers' Union and the Government, the obvious reason being that the Safeguarding policy excludes agriculture. There Mr. Baldwin, in his anxiety to please the town and disarm the opposition, antagonised the country and needlessly, for Mr. Baldwin has always been prone to the mistake of making negative pledges. If he had stuck to the position that he held himself free to do what he thought was best for the nation, no one could fairly have pressed him further; as it is, he has tied himself up in so many knots over his Safeguarding policy that he has both discouraged his friends and hampered himself. This is a pity, both for the farmers and the Conservatives, since they always have been and should always be the best of friends.

Then there are the bookmakers, who should also be good Conservatives, and might easily have been reconciled to the betting-tax if the Government had had the wisdom to legalise their position as an off-set to taking their money.

But the fault of Mr. Churchill is that he wants everything for nothing, and could never resist the temptation of riding roughshod over a minority. If he had been really clever he would have seen that the bookmakers are the last

people in the world to quarrel with, especially in these days of a universal franchise, since they are a vast popular organisation naturally adapted to the influence of opinion. It was an act of folly to quarrel with the bookmakers.

Minority Government.

IN the meanwhile, the political wiseacres are revising their predictions. It had been supposed that the Liberal party organisation is weak in the constituencies, and that their candidates, generally speaking, leave much to be desired. It had also been believed that Liberalism had fallen out of favour with an electorate divided from the past by the gulf of the Great War.

The old Liberal watchwords of Free Trade, Retrenchment and Reform have certainly lost their glamour, and would be as difficult to bring into popularity again as the hansom cab. But Mr. Lloyd George has devised new tactics.

What is going to happen? We do not pretend to know; but the Liberals are boasting that they will get over a hundred seats in the new Parliament. And what will Mr. Lloyd George do then?

There is one thing certain: if he has the power, he will unite with the Socialists to destroy the Government; but that being done, what further? A coalition with the Socialists has been much talked of, but Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is thought to be against it, and it is certain that it would be extremely distasteful to the Socialist rank-and-file.

On the other hand, a minority Government of the Socialists would be difficult, if not impossible. They would be paralysed by lack of power, and shaken by the constant prospect of defeat.

No one seems to have considered the possibility of a minority Government of Liberals. It would be a tight-rope business, but Mr. Lloyd George could expect to balance the Socialists against the Conservatives, as neither would care to risk helping the other to power by defeating a Government which stood midway between both.

Minority rule obviously weakens the power of the Government along definite lines of policy and political achievement. On the other hand, a Government with a stable majority enjoys great advantages from the point of view of turning promises into facts.

EXPERIENCE warns us against standing too much upon constitutional principles nowadays, but it is a little amusing to note—from a constitutional point of view—the contradictions in which minority rule involves the democrat. For a democracy means government by the many, that is to say, by a majority of which minority rule is the exact antithesis.

Thus, Mr. Lloyd George, in his recent speech at the Albert Hall, while saying this country would always be a democracy, or in other words, would always be ruled by a majority, boasted that "we (i.e., the Liberal Party, which he cannot hope to be more than a third of the new Parliament) will yet "be in a position to compel fulfilment" of his pledge.

Minority rule, at best, is an evil necessity, leading inevitably to political log-rolling, and resulting in instability, and the instinct of this nation has been to avoid it by the two party system. Whether it will be able to avoid it in this case remains in doubt, an uncertainty which prompts many thinking people no doubt to envy the condition of Italy. There Mussolini has just received a vote, not of a minority, nor even of a majority, but of the whole Italian nation, save for a fraction of two hundred thousand or so. Let the political philosopher say whether Mussolini, with a whole nation behind him, or Mr. Lloyd George, who proposes to "compel" a majority by the use of a minority, is the truer Democrat!



BALDWIN THE BUILDER

Presents a few bricks to two enthusiastic friends.

The Woman's View

A Modern Woman's Commentary on the Topics of the Day

By Rosita Forbes

SUNSHINE has brought a modicum of work to South Wales, but the prospects of Continental orders must not be over-estimated. The foreign mines insisted on long-term contracts after the foolhardy strike of 1921, with the result that Europe is condemned to a fog of soft coal smoke for some years to come. It is hoped that eventually a pulverised carboniferous substance, which can be blown through a pipe into burners, will prove a suitable substitute for the oil whose production from English coal costs sixpence more than the transport of petrol from the Asiatic wells, but its use would mean the re-conversion of the machinery recently adapted to oil fuel.

At present it is an exceedingly inflammable material. Still, it may be anticipated that some form of coal product will, in time, restore prosperity to the mines. Meanwhile, the Valley men need work as much as they need food. The Quakers, realising this, have done more for South Wales than all the charitable funds. Where no work existed they have invented it and given men who were losing their manhood because they had no occupation something to think about. In one village, where every man is out of work, two public school boys are organising gangs of volunteers to build a road.

It leads nowhere, and it probably will never be used, but the self-constituted foremen cannot find whole-time employment for the numbers of miners who offer their services because they are delighted to have some sort of an object in life.

SEX appeal must be at a discount in view of the success of *Journey's End*, which hasn't a woman in the cast, and of *The Lost Patrol*, the most stirring film we've had since *Beau Geste*.

Producers insist that women are not interested in the lives men lead without them, but the appeal of life "bare to the buff," whether it be the India of Kipling, the trenches or the desert, will always be strong for an island people who, throughout the centuries, have sought adventure "where the strange roads go down."

THERE is another play which stirs the imagination because it reveals the poetic soul of a nation which we generally imagine steeped in opium, explosive with heterogeneous militarism, or suffering from Bolshevik indigestion. *The Circle of Chalk* ought, of course, to last for three days, like all proper Chinese plays, and the chorus, replete with instruments, ought to be wheeled in on a table—or two tables—by the comic scene shifters. To complete the illusion, a meal of seven courses, all on the same plate, should be provided at intervals, and the

scenery should be labelled "This is a tree," or "This is a cliff," when in reality it is only a kitchen chair.

But in spite of the absence of such local colour, the play, spasmodic, of course, because it is compressed into three hours, is delicious. If you can't visit Peking and sit in a scarlet lacquer box, next to an imperial princess, and weep into a black-bordered paper handkerchief, specially provided by the attendants, over the sufferings of the heroine who, in all such tragedies, always lives, dies, or loves—innocently, of course—in a house of ill-fame, then go and see *The Circle of Chalk*.

There is only one error. On the first night the mandarin took sugar in his tea—which in China is a colourless unsweetened

used to see prisoners tied to posts by their pigtailed, philosophically awaiting execution, but otherwise everybody seemed to have a peculiar objection to being hurt.

The governor of Shui-Chow consulted us concerning the defence of the town, but, when a European merchant suggested that his army should occupy the hills which commanded it, I remember his reply: "Might they not get hurt?"

IT may be that "the right of every man to do what he likes with his own" is a relic of the dark ages, but the average citizen seems to have a great deal more "to do what he likes with" than in preceding centuries. For instance, the modern Londoner-on-the-loose spends two million pounds every Saturday night, which is just double the pre-war figure. The Victorians may have had superior rights—their clubs were inviolate and they could drink themselves into any condition they pleased—but they hadn't much chance of amusement. What did the hundreds of thousands of ordinary people do after their early suppers when there were no cinemas, no wireless, and no cheap restaurants? I suppose they went to bed, which was good for the health and bad for the temper.

NOWADAYS, some 750,000 people spend their evenings at the cinema and a fifth of that

number enjoy themselves at public dances. Still more enlightening is the sweet bill of young London, which amounts to approximately £48,000 each Saturday night.

Sir Kingsley Wood, after stating that 1,230,000 houses have been built in England and Wales since the war, suggests that this yearly increase of 165,000 homes represents but the bare bones of community life. People need recreation, he insists, in order to avoid what he calls "the slum mind."

WELL, France puts no one to bed by act of Parliament, and the Frenchman can drink at any hour he chooses, but the bulk of the money spent on amusement in Paris comes out of foreign pockets. In London it is estimated that the 200,000 suburbaners who come to the metropolis for a weekly joy-night begin the evening by spending £6,000 on their fares, while the penny toy business on Saturday night contributes nearly as large a sum to the total expended by our own citizens on their well-earned recreation. And yet one continues to hear the old fallacy that the Englishman takes his pleasures sadly perpetuated.



"France puts no one to bed by Act of Parliament, and the Frenchman can drink at any hour he chooses." A street café in Paris.

liquid—just as in *The Garden of Allah*, Madge Titherage used solicitously to ask the priest how many lumps he liked in his Turkish coffee!

THE war in China has reached the "Alice-in-the-Looking-Glass" stage, when whole armies change sides in a night. Thus, the Kwangsi Northern General has just lost 30,000 troops to his rival, Chang Kai-shek, and 20,000 to the Hunanese leader, who has already been denounced as Communist and traitor. Unless all sides fail from sheer attrition, there is likely to be a repetition of the Thirty Years' War, fought in the same spasmodic manner. The services of pressgangs are now required to round up sufficient coolies for transport purposes.

When I was in China at the beginning of hostilities, women performed this task, and every soldier went to the front with a fan, a paper umbrella, and a female relation to carry his ammunition. The busiest units were the executioners, who wielded their scarlet-hilted swords as if they were niblicks. Wherever we travelled in the interior we

INDIA and Independence

Weakness in our administration of India will never pay, and it is essential that we should resist the wild theories of visionaries who would plunge the country in a sea of blood if independence is granted.

THE resolution of the All-India Congress Committee at Delhi for the independence of India, and for the complete severance of the British connection, would have been received, even in India, with at least mild surprise were it not for the fact that the public has ceased to be astonished at anything that Indian extremists say or do. The voice of warning, advice and reason beats against a wall of prejudice, and is lost in a tempest of extravagance and abuse.

GOVERNMENT APATHY.

A MOST disturbing feature of the present Indian controversy is the impossibility of refuting the stream of untruths, or of correcting the wild and dangerous utterances of agitators, which thus gain credence and travel far and wide amongst ignorant people already half maddened by political and religious passion. Counter propaganda against seditious and revolutionary speech is weak and desultory. The agitator, therefore, has it all his own way in this atmosphere of excitement, greed and fear, and amongst people who cannot criticise and examine for themselves, and who accept the latest utterance as gospel, however silly it may be.

On the other side, there is a growing feeling of weariness and discouragement and a general belief that this is but a meaningless chatter which will be forgotten. Such an attitude, though intelligible enough in the face of the Government's apparent apathy and impotence, is nevertheless very unfortunate when subservient doctrines are being shouted to ignorant people incapable of analysing for themselves.

IRRECONCILABLES.

IT is interesting, and thoroughly typical of this Indian controversy, to find ourselves arguing at all about an independence which is, in fact, entirely outside of the discussion. The severance of the British



Bengali fruit and vegetable sellers at Rajshahi on the river Hooghli.

By Theophilus

connection has never been under consideration until, by his genius for talk and for shifting the argument, the extremist has sought to entangle us in a new direction.

Utterly incapable of organisation and action in the practical sense, the Indian agitator is a master of oratory and eloquence whereby, incidentally, he entirely convinces himself. In this spate of verbosity that is continually poured forth, and which beats down opposition (very effectively) by simply ignoring whatever it is not desired to recognise, the Indian extremist passes from folly to folly, leaving himself and his audience completely satisfied as to logic by simply eliminating everything inconvenient. Every subject is regarded, not on its merits, but from a purely political angle, and on its value as a fresh embarrassment to the Government which it is determined to destroy, as Mr. Lala Lajpat Rai says, "even by force." So this independence resolution (about the tenthousandth in this decade) is passed.

We have forgotten the meaning of "irreconcilable" if we treat with these "irreconcilables" any longer. They are determined to be "insulted" and "tyrannised" and to be trodden under Juggernaut Wheels. In what other country would it be possible to find the roads carpeted by prostrate students begging their tyrannical masters to trample on them?

BABU ORATORY.

BUT as a matter of fact, whatever happens, whatever

barbarous hordes in Afghanistan who would loot Delhi in a month, but whom the martial Lala Lajpat Rai, having just had his umbrella broken in a police-barrier affray, discounts as "nebulous." And the Gurkas, not to mention Communists, Russians and possibly Japanese, all these are to listen sweetly to the oratory of Bengali Babus, and to be as docile as lambs, and not rampageous as naughty wolves and lions when India is independent.

Here is a country (united by, and only by, the strength and justice of England) larger than Europe (less Russia), occupied by a score of hostile, antagonistic races with fanatical creeds, who have never in history agreed about anything, but who are to be tamed by a gentle gesture from Mr. Nehru (supposing him not to have been murdered) once the brutal English are expelled. We are not informed how the English have been expelled, but at any rate by force if necessary.

It is at least consoling to find that India (rid now of the Afghan menace by a process of "discounting") has decided not to retain the British Army, which it was hitherto assumed we were prepared to leave behind on a sort of hire-purchase system till the martial qualities of Calcutta's failed B.A.'s had been cultivated.

INCREDIBLE IGNORANCE.

THESE millions are unbelievably ignorant, apathetic and superstitious. Europeans, and even some Indians themselves, imagine that the polished, cultivated gentlemen who appear in English society are fair samples of what India produces. Alas! it is not so; and those millions in city and countryside, they also are a fact, together with their indifference, their narrow view, their prejudices, their racial hatreds and their mutual fears. You may talk them out of the picture, but they will still continue to exist; and nothing but British administration has tamed and restrained them.

And lastly. Have we no stake, no interest, in this triumph of benevolent administration?



A typical Babu, who, though proud of his English, is frequently not a master of the language.



A group of Swatis, a Pathan tribe, dwelling on the Afghan frontier.

The Afghan Tangle

By SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH



The crux of the situation in Afghanistan lies in the fact that King Amanullah and Habibullah are short of money. The ordinary channels of State revenue have run dry. Money will have to be obtained elsewhere. Where will it come from?

Much of the trouble in Afghanistan has been caused by the preachings of the Mullahs, one of whom is seen haranguing the tribesmen.

THAT the present disturbances in Afghanistan are entirely due to King Amanullah's westernising orders is little better than a myth; because beyond being a contributory cause it cannot fully explain the political inflammation of a vast country. The fact is that behind the Afghan revolt lies the old battle ground where the Church and the State have been wrestling for power; coupled with this was the utter incapacity of King Amanullah's officers.

To make this statement clear it might be added that to-day's Afghan conditions, so far, at any rate, as the mentality of the people is concerned, approximate to the mediæval mind of England; with perhaps this difference—that whereas the Church in this country owned large tracts of the country and ultimately alienated the sympathies of the people by the treatment of its tenants, in Afghanistan the clergy own no land as such and yet practically everyman's land, property and wealth is theirs at any time if they vouchsafe to accept it.

POWER OF THE HOLY MAN.

TO an Afghan the utmost piety means surrendering his all to the priest. A whole clan is supposed to be "well killed," and receives free passport to heaven even if wiped out to the last man in a holy war pronounced by the Mullah. The powers of the holy man know no limits, and consequently whosoever challenges the influence of the priestly hierarchy in Afghanistan, "thrusts his hand," as Lord Curzon said, "in the hornet's nest."

With only one exception Amanullah's courtiers were hangers-on who had learned the wisdom of the West in the night clubs of Europe. Soon after his accession, on no less pretext than the introduction of new laws, they were instrumental in influencing a revolution in Khost—not far from Kandahar—which was squashed just before the insurgents arrived within 16 miles of the

capital. The new laws were repealed and the leaders of the revolution were forgiven; but never will the people of Mungal forget the terrible vengeance

of the King's advisers that descended upon old and young after peace had been declared.

Once this pernicious cycle of inefficiency established itself in Kabul, King Amanullah became a king only in name. The Young Party manœuvred to replace all members of the old Afghan aristocracy from responsible positions. Many nobles were made *Khana Nashin*—"confined to their houses." The reverence due to the Mullahs was flouted, and the State pensions of those who had "to live off the holiness" were stopped. And when, in order to justify their position at the helm of affairs, the Young Afghans started a perfect orgy of Westernisation, which necessitated extra taxation, they threw the peasantry also into the hostile camps of the Sirdars and Mullahs.

HABIBULLAH KHAN.

DURING the progress of this silent drama Habibullah Khan, the present Amir of Kabul, waited in the offing. Contrary to all published reports he is not a Tajik, but a true highlander from the uplands of Afghanistan. From a rather care-free youth he

developed into a thoughtful and dignified warrior amongst the hills that surround the capital and whose people have been challenging the power of King Amanullah for nearly two years. His large number of followers always regarded him as a man of destiny. Quite apart from the fact that he does not hold just such credentials for kingship as might appertain to a prince of royal blood, his power in northern Afghanistan has been perceptible for a considerable time. Withal, he is very devoted to the clergy.

On the appearance of Amir Habibullah on the stage the Mullahs, seeing in him an instrument peculiarly suited to the purpose of their caste, assisted him to the throne; they have instilled into him the idea that he has a heaven-sent mission to rid Afghanistan of the alien and detested influences which were being imported to it by Amanullah.

Encouraged by his initial success, and backed by such a strong body of priests, this calvinistic leader of the Afghans has continued to offer adamant opposition to everything savouring of the earlier regime. At the head of the Afghan people, imbued as they are with the tense religious feelings of old Islam, his prestige is wellnigh unparalleled in the contemporary history of my country.

THE RIVAL FORCES.

DURING the severe weather in winter the rival camps of Kabul and Kandahar were able to do nothing more than entrench their positions and prepare for a final crossing of swords toward the early summer. Repeatedly King Amanullah has made efforts to rally the Western parts of the country to his side by going to Herat; but so far only a few of his officers have been able to proceed to that town to prepare the ground, while he himself is still finding it difficult to consolidate his position in the south at Kandahar.

The crux of the whole matter is that neither Habibullah nor King Amanullah are overmuch supplied with hard cash. Given liberal financial assistance, both stand an equal chance, with the odds slightly favourable to the Amir Habibullah.

With the cash they can purchase war material, pay their armies, and, above all, distribute gold liberally to the Elders of the Clans and the Mullahs.

The ordinary channels of State revenue at present have run completely dry in Afghanistan, consequently the money will have to be obtained elsewhere. Where it will come from—who will be the speculator—I will not even conjecture.



Lawlessness in Afghanistan is accentuated by the numbers of bandits and outlaws who infest the hills. A group of Afridi outlaws lying in ambush.

On that Day

Too many people everywhere. . . . He was beginning to have a horror of people—so many of them.

By Francis Beeding

MR. PRESTWICK sat back, and passed a soiled handkerchief across his forehead. It was really too hot, dreadfully hot. And the seats in the Albert Hall were much too close together, those in the upper circle, at any rate. Though this was a free meeting—no charge for admission—he had been unable to find a seat on the ground floor, or, perhaps, he had not really tried. He had gone upstairs out of force of habit, taking the turn to the right of the main door, following his usual custom on the not too frequent occasions when he went there with Emily to attend a concert.

Yes, by Jove, it was really too hot, dreadfully hot. And there was not a seat to be had in the whole building. People were even standing; and there had been an ugly rush or two near the door. The police had found it difficult to control the crowd. But he had fought his way in. He had promised Emily that he would get into the meeting. After all, it was Emily who was really frightened. He had not felt it much so far, only a twinge now and then, so to speak.

Twinge—that's what it was. You came over queer all of a sudden. That's how he had expressed it to himself. And then you found that everybody else round you had come over queer, too. The Daily Fear, they called it. At least, that was how they referred to it in the newspapers. There were fresh stories and incidents every morning in the Press, and hundreds of letters from all sorts of people from the archbishops down to people like himself. For it took everybody alike, though some put it differently from others. And there were soothing articles, too, telling the people to keep their heads. "Be British," they said, while the doctors and men of science tried to explain the thing, and the churches were packed, and men began to talk quite openly of God. It was as bad as that.

A story which tells of a nameless fear which attacked everybody. People went literally mad with fear, and then, half an hour after sunset, everyone was perfectly normal again.

MR. PRESTWICK pulled at his scraggy little moustache and rubbed a bony knuckle into a pale blue eye. There, at last, was the lecturer—looking very small and not at all imposing in spite of his tail-coat. What was the fellow saying? It would, of course, be the usual stuff—long words that explained nothing, an appeal for patience, an exhortation to trust in Whoever, or Whatever, might be trustworthy. Mr. Prestwick had heard it all from a dozen platforms and pulpits, and read it all in hundreds of articles and letters during the last few weeks.

The small voice wandered disconsolately round the big hall. . . . This unprecedented psychological phenomenon . . . as yet no entirely satisfactory explanation . . . mass suggestion . . . historic instances of collective panic in the past . . . more things in heaven and earth, Horatio . . . due, perhaps, to some as yet undiscovered magnetic manifestation . . . must not allow ourselves to be misled . . . cannot too strongly deprecate the picturesque phrases and allusions which are becoming only too common, expressions, for example, like the Daily Fear. . . .

What long words the fellow used, and what did it all mean, anyway?

Mr. Prestwick strove to concentrate, running a hand across the bald patch on the top of his head. Emily would require a succinct and proper account. This was the first lecture under Government auspices which he had been able to attend. The others had all been privately organised, but these were official. They were delivered by

eminent scientists, and their object was to reassure the public. The Government had been obliged to take the matter up. Otherwise the whole country might suddenly go raving mad.

Things were bad enough as it was. The most peculiar things were happening, and it took people different ways. Some had got religion and got it very badly. He knew fellows who had never been to church, or chapel, in their lives but who were now simply clamouring for salvation. Others went in just the opposite direction. . . . Eat, drink and be merry. . . . There had been some queer outbreaks. No respect for property or persons. . . . Orgies. . . . People wanted to forget.

It was certainly very peculiar, a sudden panic that attacked everybody, high and low, good, bad and indifferent, rich and poor, at the hour of sunset. Totally inexplicable. And the same thing was happening in France, and Germany, and Italy, and all the other foreign countries. Most extraordinary. There had been suicides, too, in the United States, and other parts. People had gone literally mad with fear and killed themselves, and then, half an hour after sunset, everyone was perfectly normal again.

IT had started only a few weeks ago, when, exactly, he could not remember, but already he felt as though he had been living beneath its shadow all his life. . . . Fear. . . . Fear of what? Nobody knew, nobody could say. You could not give it a

name. . . . Nameless fear. Poets and preachers had invented that phrase long ago, but now it was a literal description of a thing that everyone could recognise, a thing that was as punctual and as familiar as the 4.51 to Surbiton.

But he must concentrate.

"Therefore my last appeal to you is this. Go forth from this hall comforted and resolute. These phenomena will pass. . . . Nothing can be explained in a day. To the women, I would say, display that fortitude which is the heritage of the mothers of this great country and this great Empire. To the men, let me repeat the words of Scripture . . . like strong men armed. . . ."

The voice of the lecturer died away. Mr. Prestwick rose, shuffling to his feet with a thousand others, as the organ burst into music.

"O God, our help in ages past," roared the multitude with full throats, and the sound swelled, and echoed round the great circle of the roof.

"Our refuge from the stormy blast."

That was fine. That was the goods. Mr. Prestwick's heart grew big within him. He threw a chest, and turned purposefully to the gangway.

MR. PRESTWICK reached the pavement after an interminable progress behind the heels of a hundred others, each seeking the way out. The blazing afternoon was drawing to its close. A wave of hot air, tainted with petrol and motor oil, beat up into his face as he turned to the left, and began to make his way on foot to the nearest point at which he could catch a 'bus to take him to Brook Green, Hammersmith.

He had not gone ten yards, however, when he stopped, and ran his handkerchief round the inside of his collar for what seemed the hundredth time. It was stifling, not a breath anywhere. And scarcely the middle of June. Such heat was quite unusual. And his holiday was not till the second week in August. Things could not go on like that. It never did things like that in England. The sky was of brass. Where had he heard that expression?

He looked at his watch. Half-past seven. Pretty late, but then, of course, it was really only half-past six by the sun, because of summer time. The sun was sinking now rapidly somewhere behind Campden Hill, and the colour of the sky was changing at last. Faint shades of orange appeared in the West. But there was no relief from the heat.

He fished in his hip pocket, pulled out a gunmetal cigarette case, extracted a damp

"gasper" and lit it. His action was mechanical. His thoughts were far away.

Scarcely the middle of June, and Emily looking white and tired already. Well, thank God, there were no children, at any rate.

DAMN the 'buses! As usual, they were all full. He had missed three now, and obviously it was no use standing there. Better move on to the next place. Lots of people got down outside John Barker's, and there he might stand a better chance of a seat on top. He was not going to stand inside for anybody. If he could not get a seat on top he would take the Underground at Kensington High Street, but he would rather take a 'bus, if he could. There might be some air on the top of a 'bus.



He fell upon his knees and clutched at the railings.

Mr. Prestwick went upon his way. He was now almost opposite the Empress Rooms. The sky in front of him was changing from blue to orange, tipped with flaming yellow. The sun was almost down. He looked across the road. There was the Park, dusty, its green lawns faded and indeterminate, the leaves on many of the trees yellow although it was only June. And they ought scarcely, yet, to be in their full foliage.

Mr. Prestwick stopped a moment, then moved forward again, and, as he did so, the sun sank and the summer twilight began. It was dark—no, not dark; but there was not as much light as there had been, and the air was hot and fetid.

He came to an abrupt halt beside a little shop wedged in between a theatre agency and a dairy. In a little area in front of the shop he saw displayed for sale garden figures—Pan, and cupids, and dryads, made of lead, with pipes, and smiling faces, and fauns with cloven feet.

He looked about him for company. The street was still teeming. But no one took the slightest notice of him, or of anyone else. That was one of the first symptoms.

You might be in the midst of a crowd and yet you were utterly alone. You remained just where it happened to strike you, and no one within sight and sound could be reached or made in the least aware of your own peculiar terror. He should have been with Emily at that moment, but even then each would have lost the other. This thing had always to be faced alone.

Mr. Prestwick shuddered and the sweat poured down his face unchecked.

THAT creature with the pipes. Pan—panic—older than shame—older than any god. But even the cupids were horrible. That was what happened. Everything, trees, houses, a cupboard in the wall, chair, tables—the

most familiar things were full of horror. It was worse to-night, but always it seemed worse than it had been before.

Behind the leaden figures was a statue of Hercules in stone, with a club in his right hand, inexpressibly menacing. Abruptly, the last rays of the sun struck the pagan god, a great figure, larger than life, firmly fixed upon a worn pedestal. It gleamed for a moment, and then a shadow began to creep up the knotted limbs.

Mr. Prestwick fell forward on his knees. All the fear he had ever felt was in the club of the monster which would soon be raised to destroy him. The lecturer had been right. There was the strong man armed.

Mr. Prestwick lifted a shaking hand as

Too many people everywhere. God only knew where they all came from. He was beginning to have a horror of people—so many of them. It was indecent—all these human beings swarming like flies. Impossible to believe that they could all be men and women. And they were all exactly alike, driven this way and that. It was all too wholesale. Scuttling about like a lot of ants. They just went on increasing. No sense in it. All you could do was to open another tube or put on an extra line of 'buses. But still they went on increasing.

though to ward off the blow. Who shall snatch the club from Hercules? Mercy, mercy, for God's sake!

He fell upon his knees, and clutched at the railings which separated the shop from the



He almost tore himself from her grasp.

pavement, twisting round, so that he should not see the dreadful figure with the club, and Pan with the pointed ears.

Then, suddenly, it passed. He saw the living world again as through a mist—men as trees walking. There, again, were the motor 'buses passing like coloured beads upon a string. There were the men and women who, a moment ago, had been distant creatures, as strange to him as the leaden figures in the courtyard. Life had been resumed, and he must take it up at the point where it had, for a moment, been broken. He had been snatched out of time into eternity, but now he was back again.

A policeman stood stolid and uncomprehending in the middle of the road. He, too, had presumably been snatched away and had returned. And he was a policeman. This was not eternity, but Kensington High Street at seven-thirty, or so, in the evening, and Mr. Prestwick was not behaving as decency required. There he was, still on his knees in the middle of the pavement, his carefully brushed bowler hat lying in the dust of the gutter.

Trembling a little, Mr. Prestwick got to his feet and began to brush his knees, stooping forward at the same moment to retrieve his hat.

SOMEWHERE, not far away, a woman was screaming. And there, just across the road, was another policeman, standing on an island, not ten yards away. He had evidently been controlling the traffic. He had a white sleeve and he was gazing with a puzzled air at motor-bus No. 9, leaning drunkenly across the road, with its bonnet half-way down the steps of an area.

Mr. Prestwick blinked rapidly once or twice, settled his bowler hat firmly on his head, and prepared to resume his interrupted existence. He took a last look at the leaden figures and the statues. Suddenly, uplifted by a prompt reaction, he could

smile, now, at the whole business. So that was the fellow who had frightened him, that fellow with the club. No clothes on in a London street—most irregular.

What a fool he had been! There was nothing there of any consequence, only a few rather battered statues in plaster of Paris, one, rather larger than the rest, of a naked man holding a club. And the little leaden figures. All rather dull. Sort of things toffs put in their parks.

Mr. Prestwick took a hesitating step forward, and suddenly found himself surrounded.

"Ullo, old dear," said a voice in his ear. "Well, you look proper done, you do. Been took a bit worse than usual, I suppose?"

She had lips that were brightly painted and a floppy velvet hat.

Somebody had him now by the shoulder.

"Gives you a bit of a start, don't it?—this 'ere Daily Fear," said a man's voice in his ear. "But don't you worry. You come along and take a drop of what killed auntie."

Mr. Prestwick drew back instinctively. He wanted to go home, now, to Emily. . . . Eat, drink and be merry. . . . He was not going to be one of those.

BUT somehow, to-night, Emily seemed remote, and Mr. Prestwick had been badly shaken. He did not go so far as to consent, but neither did he refuse. Weakly he suffered himself to be led towards the door of a throbbing taxi. He had a confused impression of two young men and three girls, all rather loudly dressed and all talking nineteen to the dozen.

"That was a proper dose, and no mistake," said one of the men, his thin lips twitching nervously beneath a waxed moustache.

Mr. Prestwick found himself bowling rapidly along in the taxi with his unknown companions. He was bewildered, but oddly

at rest, like a swimmer in calm water after struggling in heavy seas.

They had given him the back seat, and he was wedged in beside a slim girl, showing a great deal of light coloured stocking. Her nose was tip-tilted and she smiled continuously.

Mr. Prestwick lay back. . . . "Men fainting away for fear." That was the text which the preacher in the Chapel of Acacia Road had used last Sunday. No, not fainting, but *withering* away from fear. Meanwhile here was peace and companionship . . . a reprieve.

Mr. Prestwick sighed. "That's better, dearie, isn't it?" said the girl beside him, and a small hand was slipped into his hot palm. "Don't you worry."

"I'm not worrying, miss," Mr. Prestwick gravely assured her.

The girl nestled into his shoulder.

"That's the spirit," she said.

Mr. Prestwick thought again of Emily. What was he doing in this taxi with these strangers? He wanted to get out. But he could not face the loneliness of the

street. The girl was so friendly and seemed, strangely enough, to like him. There was comfort in that. People must stick together, help one another as much as possible. The young man on the spring seat in front of him put a hand on his knee.

"Get it off your mind, see?" he urged. "We're going to celebrate. Don't you worry. My pal's had a bit o' luck at Gatwick."

Mr. Prestwick sat back.

"If you want to call me Ruby, you may," said the girl in his ear.

MR. PRESTWICK was enjoying himself enormously. He was seated now in a large plush seat, looking at the stage. His immediate surroundings were in darkness, but that didn't matter, for there was plenty of light in front.

There was a line of girls on the stage, all tossing legs and shimmering silk. He had never seen anything like that before. And in front of them was a young man in full evening dress and a silk hat, performing an incredibly complicated dance all by himself.

"All the way from Hammersmith, right along to Bow, Oh, oh, oh! That's the way to go."

sang the girls on the stage in unison.

Hammersmith? They were singing of Hammersmith. That touched a nerve. By George! Emily! He looked covertly at the girl beside him. "If you want to call me Ruby, you may. . . ." He had done more than that. He had, somehow, actually kissed her on the way to the theatre. . . . They had drunk wine together and it had gone to his head. For a moment he had forgotten everything. . . . He had meant to stay with her, to go on forgetting. He had his arm round her still, though suddenly she had become a stranger. He wanted to get away. He hated her red lips and sleepy eyes. . . . Orgies.

He withdrew his arm and rose in his seat. He was aware of her startled look as he fumbled at his waistcoat and fished out his watch.

Half-past ten.

The girl had him by the arm.

"Sorry," he muttered. "I . . . I'm not feeling very well . . . I want to go out."

HE almost tore himself from her grasp. He was a deacon of the Acacia Road Chapel. What was he doing in this haunt of sin? And there was Emily. What would she think?

His enjoyment of the bright, unusual spectacle had changed to utter misery. This was the dark night of the soul to which that new preacher had referred last Sunday. He stumbled to his feet and moved towards the gangway, dribbling excuses as he went. . . . "Excuse me. . . Very sorry. . . Can't be helped. Thank you, sir."

He found himself at last in front of a great curtain, some dark red stuff concealing a door, above which flared the word "Exit" in letters of fire. Mr. Prestwick moved towards it and found his way barred by a resplendent attendant in a chocolate-and-gold uniform.

"If you goes out, Sir, you can't come back," said the man.

"I don't want to come back," said Mr. Prestwick. "This is the way out, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's the exit," said the man.

"I must get out . . . out," muttered Mr. Prestwick.

HE was in Leicester Square. It was almost as bright as day under the arc lamps, and the noise of the traffic was deafening after the thin singing and the shuffling feet of the dancers which he had left behind. He paused a moment before moving across the road to make his way to the tube station. His eye was fixed on a large wrought-iron standard, from which hung a gleaming lamp.

He had seen that kind of lamp a thousand times, but it had begun to be oddly significant, like those leaden figures, and the statue of Hercules—just an ordinary street lamp and yet, somehow, terrifying.

But this was impossible. The Fear had passed for that day—a proper dose of it, as the man had said in the taxi. It should not have come again till sundown to-morrow, nevertheless, it was upon him now. It had come like a thief in the night, and it had caught him properly, this time in Leicester Square, of all places, and he had no business to be in Leicester Square at eleven o'clock in the evening.

Naked . . . no clothes on in a London street—that was how he felt. No mountains to cover him, and he wanted to hide. That was odd, for no one was taking any notice of him. The men and women in the street had ceased to exist. He was alone, as always before when The Fear had come.

THERE was a crash, and a splintering of timber, and glass. The great standard suddenly bent like an arm at the elbow; the lamp lurched drunkenly forward, and shot to the pavement at his feet. That was the second motor 'bus, that day that had come to grief before his eyes. People went screaming all about him, but no one heeded.

A man in an opera hat was on his knees

in the road, covering his face with his hands. He knew that all about him was an uproar which he should have heard with his ears, and yet he seemed to be in the midst of a great silence. He was insulated from all that clamour and distress—alone with his fear, a fear more poignant than ever he had felt before, keener ten thousand times than the terror that had struck the world at sunset, sharper than a sword, colder than ice.

Desperately, he, too, strove to cover his face, but found that he could move neither hand nor foot.

He must not look up.

Above him he knew the sky was reefed back showing eternity beyond.

He must not . . . look . . . up.



He must not look up. . . .

Canada's Pressing Problem



One of Canada's great problems
which still awaits solution is
primarily one of connecting the
"landless man" in Britain with
the "manless land" in Canada.

By J. B. M. Clark

THE combination of an unsatisfactory inflow of immigrants, a declining birth-rate, and a steady exodus of native Canadians, constitute a population problem the solution of which the Dominion Government is anxious to find. The Canadian Standing Committee on Agriculture recently conducted an exhaustive inquiry into the immigration question, the major factor in the situation, and made a multitude of recommendations, while the country's Press, public men, and patriotic citizens, generally, are keeping the issue a live and active one.

The birth-rate in the eight Anglo-Saxon provinces is estimated to have gone back something like 18 per cent. in the past six years, and immigration has fallen off steadily since the boom of pre-war days, which furnished us with 354,000 new settlers in 1912, 402,000 in 1913, and 384,000 in 1914, as contrasted with 111,000 in 1925, 96,000 in 1926, and 143,000 in 1927. From these figures, of course, have to be deducted the very considerable outflow of native Canadians and British immigrants to the United States.

"MANLESS LAND" IN CANADA.

THE problem is felt to be primarily one of connecting the "landless man" in Britain with the "manless land" in Canada, but, strange as it may seem, this is not proving a simple task.

"It will not be easy," says the independent *Toronto Star*, "for the British Government to 'send' people abroad in large numbers; they would not go. They cannot be pushed; they will have to be drawn."

"We are particularly anxious to obtain immigrants from Great Britain and Ireland," says the Conservative *Toronto Mail and Empire*, "but we are told that there

are all kinds of obstacles, ranging from doles to doctors. Yet the United States for the year ending June 30th, 1928, obtained these immigrants as follows: Irish, 38,193; English, 33,597; Scotch, 33,177. a total of 104,967. . . . We make patriotic appeals to settle within the Empire and pay a portion of the cost of passage and yet we cannot get half that number. What is the reason?"

The various Empire settlement schemes inaugurated since the war have, it must be admitted, been more or less unsuccessful in bringing Britishers to Canada. Unbusiness-like medical regulations alone are estimated to have cut down prospective Canadian immigrants in some parts of Britain by as much as one-third, and the Agricultural Committee's report recommended that this condition be changed. Restrictions of this kind furnish an excellent illustration of how small a thing may yet be a serious obstacle to the poor man desirous of emigrating. It is not so much the case, as is sometimes assumed, that such people would rather remain in Britain and take the "dole" than go abroad, as that the enterprise is a sheer financial impossibility.

MINERS WHO DID NOT STAY.

IN recent times the experiment has been made of bringing over some thousands of out-of-work British miners to help gather in the 1928 harvest, which, as it happens, was one of the largest on record. The experiment appears on the whole to have been a success.

Here in Canada it is felt that a more earnest effort might have been made by the Government to keep all these miners in the country. That a large body of hand-picked men should be moved from a crowded part of the Empire to an empty part, and after temporary employment in the latter simply be shipped back to the congested part again can hardly fail to be held up with laughter before the students of to-morrow as an example of the little wit

that prevailed when "private enterprise" was at its height, and how difficult collective action of the most beneficial kind becomes in the face of the profit-and-loss of private traders.

The *Montreal Star*, commenting on the scheme and on the saving in propaganda expenses it effected, said: "Our suggestion is that it would be good business for the Canadian Government to take this money which has been saved them by this mass movement of ten thousand miners to Canada and spend it on making very sure that every miner who is suited to the life is enabled to stay."

The newspaper proposed subsidising the farmers to keep these miner pupils for a year on their farms and so give them practical knowledge of the profession as practised in Canada, but this sensible suggestion does not appear to have met with any special consideration.

"BIGGEST CURSE OF THE WEST."

THE old inducement of a free grant of land does not seem to be the attraction it once was, experience having proved that without adequate capital the struggle is too severe. A Yorkshire woman, writing of her fourteen years' experience of farm life on the prairies, warns newcomers against buying anything "on time," and calls the credit system "the biggest curse of the West." The 8 per cent. interest on machinery notes, she says, is like a millstone round the necks of the family, and long before the note is paid the machinery is worn out.

She counselled emigrants only to come in families or in groups, as the loneliness and home-sickness are often terrible. With less than 1 per cent. of the country's farmers paying income tax, a tax that exempts from payment married men with less than \$3,000 (£600) per year, and single men with less than \$1,500 (£300), it is evident that the rewards in this all-important sphere of activity are meantime not quite commensurate with its hazards and disadvantages and the never-ending toil it entails.

THE ATTRACTION OF AMERICA.

SO far as the steady flow of our best youth to the United States is concerned, it appears to be the domestic policy of individual businesses that needs revision, as most of these young men go south in search of better wages and conditions. Not much is heard in this country about the democratisation of industry which is proceeding so briskly in the United States, and we do not appear to be developing among our executives men of the type of the Filenes, Fords, Eastmans, Endicotts and Nashes, who have done, and are doing, so much in the Republic to bring about the sharing by employees alike of profits and management.

The time is undoubtedly ripe for bold and drastic measures not only for settling the country but for a more equitable distribution among the general body of the people of the proceeds of their labour. Both are part and parcel of the same problem.

WINDMILL PLANES

The Isacco Helicogyre, a new "windmill-plane," the latest attempt at vertical flight.

By E. M. ROSSITER

THE trials of the experimental helicogyre, a novel machine of the helicopter (revolving wing) type, are being watched with keen interest, not unmixed with amusement, at the comic conglomeration of ideas in the machine.

When all its five motors are running, it flies as a helicogyre—a complete novelty in aeronautics; when the wing-tip motors are stopped, it flies as an autogyro; when all the motors are stopped, it descends as a free-running helicopter, with a glide like an aeroplane. And when the wing motors only are working, it might ascend as a helicopter.

Invented by an Italian engineer, Signor V. Isacco, and constructed at Cowes by S. E. Saunders, Ltd., the famous yacht and aircraft builders, the machine at least represents a very promising combination between Latin ingenuity and British mechanical skill.

TO FLY STRAIGHT UP.

THE object in view is, of course, to devise a new kind of aircraft which will be capable of taking-off the ground and landing again with little or no run, and of hovering in the air stationary above a given spot on the earth.

One sometimes hears it suggested, apparently in all seriousness, that when vertical flight is accomplished we shall be able to fly from the ordinary back garden, or even from the street. But that

is distant when a flying machine that scores heavily over the aeroplane in the length of run required and in simplicity of control, will be in common use. How far it will oust the aeroplane will depend on the extent of its advantages in these respects and on its other qualities being fairly even matched. If the expectations of the designs are realised we can certainly expect that flying for all will be brought much nearer than it is to-day, and the military uses of aircraft will also be greatly extended.

REVOLVING WINGS.

SO far as one can understand from the particulars given recently by Mr. Isacco, the helicogyre resembles the Cierva autogyro

swinging back on the opposite side, the wings are hinged to the central bearing, and when flying they are prevented from folding up simply and solely by the outward pull of centrifugal force.

When the autogyro is driven forward, the rotor is caused to rotate by the passage of the machine through the air under the pull of the airscrew. It seems curious, but the practically edge-on motion of the rotor through the air is the only thing that makes it turn. But, before the machine can lift off the ground, the rotor has to be worked up to a speed of about 130 turns a minute, and therein lies the difficulty. In the past, it has been necessary first to swing the rotor by hand and then taxi about on the ground until it is turning fast enough to take-off. The Autogyro Company, however, are hopeful of curing this defect by fitting a kind of chute to deflect the airflow behind the airscrew on to the rotor and so to set it going whilst the machine is at rest.

A NEW IDEA.

MR. ISACCO has evolved an ingenious, but scarcely so simple, development of the revolving, articulated wing idea. To explain it very briefly, he has fixed small engines and airscrews at the tips of the wings to pull the rotor round, as well as having an engine and airscrew to pull the machine forward.

The machine seems very complicated, and one naturally asks, "Can it possibly work?"

I think it is generally agreed in aeronautical circles that mechanically there is no reason at all why it should not be developed to perform as reliably as any other type of aircraft, if not more reliably. If its defects are simply mechanical ones, there seems not the slightest doubt that they will be overcome, although, considered as a machine for the private owner, the fact that there are five engines to look after is hardly likely to be an attractive feature!

But if a reply to this question is called for from the scientist no answer can be given. Even the Secretary of State for Air, who is responsible for the expenditure of millions of the taxpayer's money for experiments with aircraft and the equipment of the Royal Air Force, can get no clear guidance based on fundamental theory. The scientists have not yet digested the autogyro.

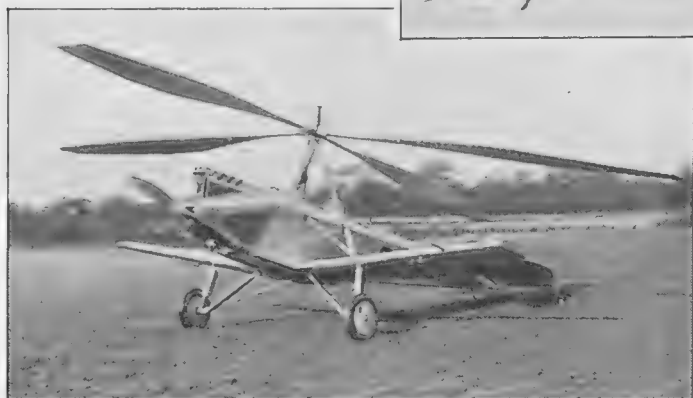


The Isacco helicogyre.—An artist's impression of the experimental machine in flight. The wings revolve under the pull of the wing-tip airscrews, and the machine is drawn forward, like an aeroplane, by an engine and airscrew at the front of the body.



The windmill-plane.—Senor de la Cierva's autogyro. The "windmill" rotates at just over two turns a minute.

For the owner-pilot.—The new two-seater light autogyro, built upon the foundation of an Avro "Avian" light aeroplane body.



is not claimed by Mr. Isacco. In fact, it is absurd. Imagine yourself driving a car into your garden, when, by some miraculous means, your wheels are lifted off the ground and, though retaining steering control, you are afloat on the wind. You would probably land up in the drawing-room next door! One day, perhaps, there may be discovered a system of control in the air as rapid and as powerful as that of a mosquito, but until it comes—and it is nowhere in sight yet—we shall have to be content to do most of our flying from aerodromes, and be thankful that the age of back-yard flying is not yet at hand.

Whilst too much should not be expected from the present experiments, it seems certain, nevertheless, that the time is not far

—the well-known "windmill-plane" in having a set of wings mounted on a mast in such a fashion that if made to revolve they have a corkscrew-like action on the air in an upward direction. This, to give it its proper name, is the rotor, and it runs quite freely on a central bearing.

The helicogyre follows the example of the autogyro in other respects also. At the front end of the body is an engine driving an airscrew of the normal aeroplane type, to pull the machine forward, and at the tail is a system of control surfaces, also of ordinary aeroplane type, to steer the machine to right or left, and up or down.

In order to equalise the lift of the wings on either side, so that when a wing is swinging forward it will not lift more than when



"Cottages in Sunlight,"
an example of Ethelbert White's work.

The two very different views of art held by Ethelbert White and Edward Wadsworth, both distinguished artists of the modern School, are discussed in this article.

artists of the New English Art Club and the London Group. This education and this contact are responsible for the sophistications in his pictures; but the pictures live, not by these sophistications, but by the simplicities that come from White himself.

EDWARD WADSWORTH.

WADSWORTH is a Yorkshireman. He is a year or two older than White, and, like White, he has had enough money to live on since he first began to paint, and has thus been free to develop his own view of art. That view is very different from White's. Wadsworth puts no conscious faith in the subconscious as an aid to artistic production; he mistrusts the emotional

stream as the source of artistic inspiration; he relies on his brains and his energy; he derives his inspirations from an intellectual contact with structural form; he likes things that exhibit a definite shape and a recognisable function; and his pictures

are clear cut, and logically organised from the beginning to the end.

SUPREME COMMONSENSE.

IF we compare Wadsworth's picture "Dunkerque" with White's "Cottages in Sunlight," the difference between the artists' attitudes will be apparent. Both men, being modern artists, are concerned with the structure of their three-dimensional designs. But Wadsworth is also concerned with the

Brains in Modern Art

By R. H. Wilenski

A MODERN PRIMITIVE.

WHEN we look at White's work the result of this approach is evident. His pictures charm us in so far as they reveal the perception of a modern primitive who reacts to some extent without forethought, and records to some extent without deliberation. For my own part, I would have them simpler still. I regret White's artistic education—his studies at the St. John's Wood Art School, and his contact with the

I HEAR that Ethelbert White and Edward Wadsworth are having one-man shows this spring. Both artists are in the front rank of their generation; but psychologically they are miles apart.

White is a Londoner (he was born at Isleworth). He is now thirty-eight. In his early twenties he married Miss Elizabeth Crofton-Dodwell, who has been ever since one of the best known and most popular figures in the real Bohemia, to which the sham Bohemia can never penetrate. Shortly after his marriage, White inherited some money—enough for necessities. On this, he embarked on a systematically simple life. Servants and meat were excluded from the programme. Life was to be an affair of communion with nature in woods and by the roadside, an affair of painting and an affair of primitive music—for White was a gay performer on the guitar. He bought a tiny house on Hampstead Heath for the winter and a caravan for the summer; and he occupies them both, in their season, to this day.

COURTING THE SUBCONSCIOUS.

WHEN White leaves his caravan and goes into a wood to paint, his wife goes with him; they find a place a little removed from the beaten track and sit there till they have become acclimatised, and until the birds and life of the place have become accustomed to their presence. Then "Betty" takes a book and begins quietly to read aloud and White begins to paint. He likes to listen or half-listen to the reading; he avoids deliberate concentration of his mind on his painting; he believes that by the diversion of interest through listening, his subconscious emotional reactions to the aesthetic of the scene around him may be encouraged to rise to the surface; he believes, in other words, that a picture is valuable if it records the emotional background of the artist's mind; art in White's view is not created by the artist's cognition, but by waves of feeling that cannot be summoned up at will.



Edward Wadsworth "likes things that exhibit a definite shape and a recognisable function," a feature which is emphasised in his picture "Dunkerque."

logic of the rigging, while White has welcomed the sentiment provided by the child and the dog and the romantic effect of light. Wadsworth's picture is a work of super-common sense. White is less clear-headed; but he has other qualities instead.

Wadsworth painted his "Dunkerque" about five years ago. Since then he has felt, it would seem, the burden of this super-common sense; and in his recent works



In "The Opera Glass" Edward Wadsworth builds his picture with a quite arbitrary assemblage of objects.

(of which I reproduce two examples, "The Opera Glass" and "Regatta") he has abandoned the ready-made panorama as his material, and builds instead with a quite arbitrary assemblage of objects.

In Wadsworth's new pictures we have shells twice the size of sailing ships, and giant balls of string; we have blue prints next to test tubes, we have motometers, scent-sprays, cigarette-lighters, lighthouses and centimetre rulers juxtaposed without material explanation; and these fantastic juxtapositions are rendered credible by the mysterious logic of the designs.

"ONCE UPON A TIME."

WE are convinced by Wadsworth's new pictures because they are logical within themselves. The queer juxtapositions, the abnormalities of scale, are postulated, as it were, at the outset. The spectator is placed in the position of a child at its mother's knee. "Once upon a time," says the mother, "there was a wicked King with three heads and fourteen pairs of eyes." If we accept this, then the rest of the story is accepted automatically—as long as the narrator does not forget the number of heads and pairs of eyes



The prettiest of contemporary models, "Lynette."



"Regatta," another picture by Edward Wadsworth, is in the collection of the Crown Prince of Siam.

she started with. Wadsworth's pictures are credible because they do not pretend to represent fact; we accept them because they are consequent and their parts are related by basic architectural laws.

THE CHARM OF TEMPERA.

BLACK and white reproductions give no idea of the charm of colour of Wadsworth's new pictures, which are painted in tempera and are quite faultless in execution.

Oil painting has its own qualities and its own appeal. It can be handled in many ways, and countless artists from Titian to our own day have revelled in its unctuous opulence. Tempera is a more austere medium. The colours are mixed with yolk of egg; they dry immediately, and alterations are almost impossible. The technique is fundamentally linear and the picture is built up by successive strokes and cross-strokes that all remain visible to the end.

Wadsworth paints exactly in the manner of the early Italian tempera painters; he has recaptured the charm of their translucent and delicate colour and added to it new chords and harmonies.

To "place" Wadsworth's pictures historically one must be acquainted with Italian easel pictures in tempera and with the pictorial inventions of Picasso, Chirico and Roy; to understand them one must

regard them as micro-cosmic symbols; to enjoy them one must accept the "Once upon a time" that sets us free to contemplate the queer shapes and the enchanting colour, the ingenious dovetailing of the parts and the uncanny precision of the artist's touch.

A BRILLIANT NEWCOMER.

ANOTHER artist who is to have a one-man show this spring is Edward Burra. Wadsworth and White have now established reputations. Burra has not exhibited before. He has, I think, quite exceptional talent. If he were a Frenchman, or if he lived in Paris, he would probably have an international reputation in ten

years' time. But as it is one cannot prophesy. For Burra, in spite of his foreign-sounding name, is English. He is twenty-four, and has been trained at the Chelsea Polytechnic and the Royal College of Art, and he lives not in Paris, but in Rye. He has, however, been recently to Marseilles and succumbed with the enthusiasm of youth to the sordid glamour of the Marseilles underworld with its strange conglomeration of racial types and its thousand facets of Mediterranean life.

STAINED GLASS EFFECTS.

BURRA has set down his impressions of Marseilles in remarkable pen drawings that recall the most skilful productions of Pascin in his youth and have a bite and tang to replace Pascin's exquisite delicacy of touch. I reproduce one of these drawings, "Bar in Marseilles." The scene from which the drawing has been reconstructed has been most intensely and wittily observed. This artist clearly has some life in him.

BUT WHAT OF BEAUTY?

NOWADAYS it is almost impossible to find a pretty face in a picture by an artist with imagination. Our artists to-day



"Bar in Marseilles" is an example of the bizarre work of Edward Burra, a young English artist, who lives at Rye and received his art training in London.

have a conception of beauty that is not based on the attractions of pretty women, and before we can enjoy their work we have to enlarge our own conception to keep pace with theirs.

For my own part I can enjoy this wider and more austere conception of beauty. But for those who cannot I reproduce a photograph of "Lynette"—the prettiest of contemporary artists' models. Consoled by this picture, I hope they will look more kindly on the others.

Imported Plays

WITH the coming of spring it looks as if the clouds of alien invasion which for some time have hung over our lighter stage are also beginning to roll away.

We ourselves send to America a goodly number of our actors and actresses, who are attracted by the generally higher rates of pay, though the new "equity" rules over there are a distinct check to this kind of emigration. The main proviso is that any non-American performer, at the end of the run of any piece in which he is playing, must wait a whole six months before opening another engagement. This drastic law is naturally most unpopular with our emigrants, who are anxious that we should start organised reprisals on this side.

But from the public's point of view the result is not by any means all unwelcome, seeing that it has already sent back to us some of our brightest lights, who might otherwise have been lost to us—among the most recent examples is Miss Beatrix Thomson, who had been playing Tessa in "The Constant Nymph" across the water and lately returned to take up soon after the part of the young fiancée, in the Titanic drama "The Berg."

THE FOREIGN IMPORTERS.

I DO not think any country need be disturbed by the occasional visits of foreign players of real outstanding merit and individuality. They can be a real stimulant, and to carry Chauvinism to excess may be only a road to stagnation. The same applies, also, in the matter of authorship of plays; it would be the height of conservative folly to try to exclude all drama of alien origin. But the situation that had gradually come about, especially in regard to musical plays, was of a different kind. Those who finance and put on such shows seemed to have



"Love Lies," the new musical comedy at the Gaiety, has achieved instantaneous success. Laddie Cliff negotiates a drink for Stanley Lupino.

adopted the opposite attitude that no good could come out of England, and that if you say it in American it must be right.

This artless belief, there is reason to think, has now been considerably shaken, and we may hope that before long it will be entirely exploded. Towards that excellent end a signal contribution in the last week or two has been the arrival of an all-British musical comedy "Love Lies," which should do much to revive the old glories of the

The success of the all-British musical comedy "Love Lies" is an emphatic answer to those who believe that the best musical plays come from the Continent or America.

By Maitland Davidson

Gaiety. I do not say that it is a masterpiece, but it is thoroughly bright and amusing, and a far better accompaniment to an after-dinner cigar than at least nineteen out of twenty of our most highly-boomed importations.

WHY NOT COCKNEY WIT?

IS there any reason why pert wit of the Cockney flavour should not be exploited for our arm-chair benefit just as well as the American variety of rather more verbally acrobatic humour? Personally I find the American "wise-cracks," composed with such an exhibitionist air of nimbleness, a little wearing after a time; when the novelty has faded one tends to become the



Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard share a sofa in "Love Lies."

least bit analytic of their smart efficiency, and analysis in these cases is fatal to full enjoyment. Such comedy as Mr. Stanley Lupino's, on the other hand, lies in manner at least as much as matter. Sometimes he says and does things so nonsensical that they simply don't bear looking into; but the point is that you are not tempted to; he bubbles with such spontaneity that he acts as sparklet to the seemingly thinnest product of the tap.

To describe a mermaid as a bloater with sex appeal is not basically funny even to the most fully dined-and-wined; yet he makes you think it so for the passing moment which is all that matters. He has one song with a completely idiotic refrain that runs in this wise:

I lift up my finger and say:
"Tweet, tweet! Shush, shush! Now, now!
Come, Come!"

Yet, would you believe it, he induces—or did on the occasion of my visit anyway—the whole house to join in by sections. "Tweet, tweet!" quite heartily intoned by the stalls, as though it were some spell of irresistible potency, and the other equally inane exclamations not less enthusiastically said or sung by successive tiers of the house.



In "The Circle of Chalk" at the New Theatre. Left to right:—Chow (Wilson Blake); Yu-pi (Rose Quong); Ma (Frank Cochrane); and Hi-tang (Anna May Wong).

A LIVE WIRE.

THESE are, of course, extreme examples, and Mr. Lupino can and does do much better than this; but the man who can carry off such coups is plainly a magnetic personality.

Mr. Laddie Cliff is another English comedian in this play whom I would always rather go to see than any of the pick from over the water. Unselfishly, for he himself is presenting the piece, he allows himself to be a little overshadowed by Mr. Lupino.

One curious or anyway notable feature in this show is the predominance of the men. True, there are four women in the cast, all of whom do their bit quite delightfully—especially Miss Connie Emerald, to whom I lost my heart $x + y$ years ago as the loveliest of pantomime principal boys—but the males have it all through. Indeed, Mr. Lupino even goes so far as to take the unfair advantage of appearing at one point as a woman, in which character he resembles, but out-does in femininity, Mr. Bobbie Hale. Male women generally make one singularly tired, but Mr. Lupino somehow gets away even with this.

it is shouted or sung to the world with a well-nigh reckless disregard of the danger of being overheard. And even in the seclusion of a study or the intimacies of a bedroom no person is safe from the sudden and tumultuous incursion of a chorus which, however alluringly comely, inclines one to the reflection that two may be company but thirty or forty's none.



Ernest Truex, who plays in "The Five o'Clock Girl."

LIVING BARONIALY.

AND then the almost embarrassing amplitude of some of the apartments in this same bus-tlingly tuneful planet. As in the flat occupied by Mr. Gerald Brooks



Ursula Jeans as she appears in "The Five o'Clock Girl," the new musical comedy at the London Hippodrome.

in that other new musical play "The Five o'Clock Girl" at the Hippodrome. A flat indeed! Would even a £5,000 a year affair *de luxe* at Devonshire House include half as lofty and spacious a baronial hall as the cosy little corner where Mr. Brooks, alias Mr. Ernest Truex, receives his friends?

Perhaps Mr. Truex himself helps to make it look even longer than it is, for his stature is not tremendous. But his acting at least is immensely good, and I do not in the least grudge him his place as a leading man in London, although he is an American "invader," like Miss Emma Haig, Miss Claire Luce, Miss Helen Ford, Miss Peggy O'Neil and one or two others. Mr. Truex is a personality, a modest one, and an acquisition.

FLYING THE BRITISH FLAG.

THE British flag, on the other hand, is kept well and bravely flying in this piece by Miss Hermione Baddeley, Mr. George Grossmith (showing surprisingly few signs of advancing years), Miss Ursula Jeans and Miss Jean Colin, who is the latest "discovery" from the chorus and is quite sufficiently young and nice looking and self-possessed without showing any signs of being about to cause a conflagration on the Thames.

Miss Baddeley, like Mr. Lupino, though with more deliberate intention, exploits the Cockney style of humour and does it very well. Her marriage to a scion of the peerage seems if anything to have intensified the richness of her assumed East London accent, as well as mellowed her manner. Her performance as a cute baby-faced gutter-child is the brightest spot in a show that seems to have even less rhyme, reason and action in it than the majority of its class.

But whatever may be said of the play the actors here too are a credit to their nation and yet one more argument for the futility of encouraging foreign imports.



A charming study of Jean Colin, the latest "discovery" from the chorus.

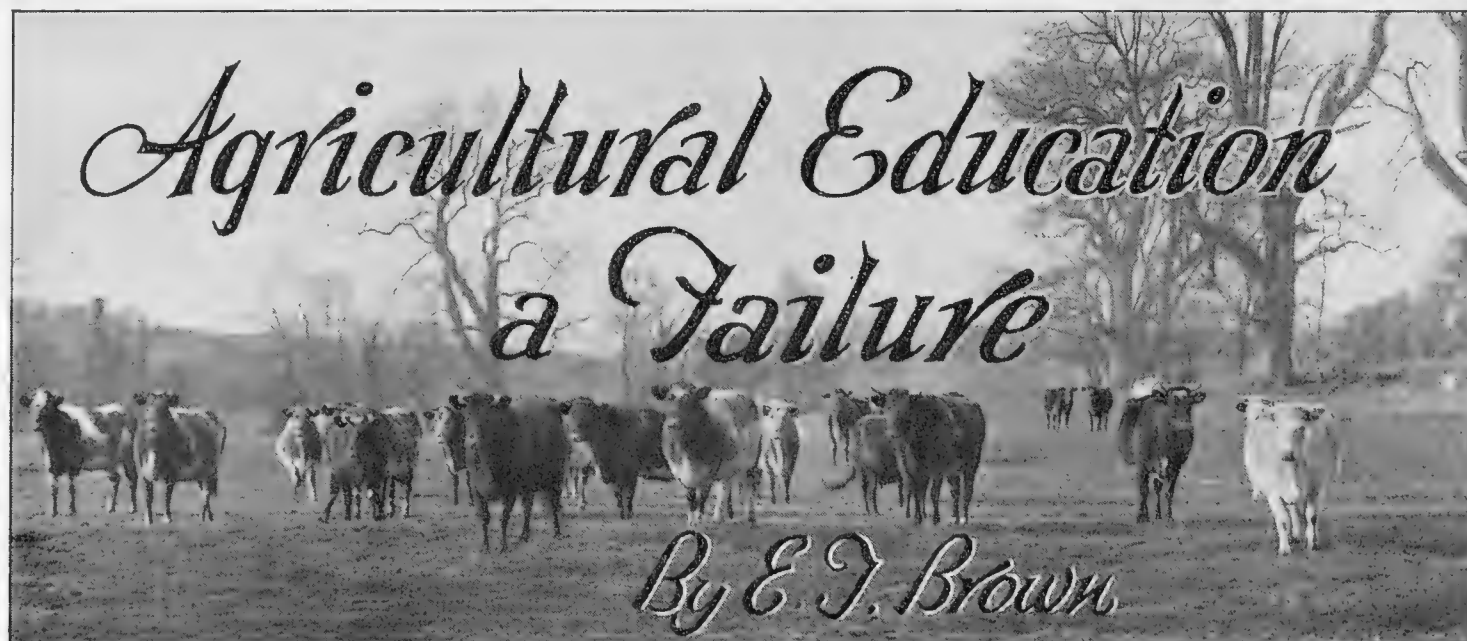
THOSE MUSICAL COMEDY PLOTS.

DID anyone ask about the plot? How truly absurd. Who was ever yet able to relate the story of a musical comedy after the event? The word "lies" in the title connotes mendaciousness—that is about as much as anyone could manage or wish to recall. Various people, for some reason or other that doesn't matter in the least, pretend to be the wrong people's husbands or wives: that is one of the commonest formulas of musical comedy throughout the ages; and the family resemblance throughout the tribe is remarkably close.

A rather remarkable existence, by the way, this one that is immemorably led by all the inhabitants of the musical comedy world, with but a few minor differences. One of its most notable characteristics would seem to be a complete lack of privacy. No matter how secret the business in hand,



Hermione Baddeley, a brilliant young actress who is appearing in "The Five o'Clock Girl."



FARMERS may be divided into two classes. The smaller class is composed of well-to-do people and their sons; the larger, of men who are dependent upon their labour and knowledge to steer them clear of the bankruptcy court.

It is a byword to-day that agriculture is passing through a difficult period. This is manifested in a number of ways, not the least by the fact that many farms are being vacated by unsuccessful farmers each rent day, and that, in some parts of the country, estate owners are experiencing greater difficulty in finding new tenants. We need not inquire on the present occasion into the various causes for the depression in agriculture, except in as much as it is the result of lack of knowledge and business ability on the part of those who have failed to succeed.

FARMING A BUSINESS.

THE sooner it is realised that farming is a business the better. It is neither an art nor a science. If it were an art the old-fashioned farmer who seeks the best in the only right way would be correct. If it were a science the right way would be patent to all. It is a business, since one can only differentiate between right and wrong in relation to results and prices. Treating farming as an art or a science implies that local conditions—soil, climate and markets—are not studied.

The keystone in the arch of the agricultural industry is knowledge. How then can this knowledge best be gained by the farmer of to-morrow? If this problem can be solved in a satisfactory manner farming will take on a new lease of life. That the solution be arrived at quickly is of paramount importance, not only to the agriculturalist but to the consumer.

THE GENTLEMAN FARMER.

PRESENT-DAY agricultural education is far from satisfactory. Let the case of the gentleman farmer be considered first. The son of moneyed parents wants to take up farming. His conception of the work is all wrong at the beginning. Sport and social life come a long way before a knowledge of cultivation.

To fit him for his future occupation he is sent as a pupil to a large farmer. In all probability the farmer possesses a herd of well-bred cattle and pedigree sheep which he looks after, more or less, himself. The cultivation side of the farm is seen to by a bailiff. A pupil on such a place has an excellent opportunity of gaining an insight

into herd and flock management and the disposal of the animals, if he can spare the time from his social engagements.

It is almost too much to expect, however, that he will don working clothes and take part in the ordinary routine work on the land. The result is that he gets the wrong impression from the beginning. He leaves to take a place of his own without possessing even the rudiments of farming knowledge. He may succeed in after-life to make a bare profit, but whether he does or not depends almost entirely upon his engaging a first-class working bailiff.

Left to himself he would do no better than his compeers who have gained a smattering of knowledge in the same way. There are, of course, a few gentleman farmers who are keen to succeed in their selected vocation in life. These are, however, the exception.

COLLEGE EDUCATION.

THE parent who is anxious to give his son the best farming education available, whether he be a farmer himself or belong to the industrial or professional class, generally decides to send his lad to an agricultural college. On the face of it, this is the best method of gaining knowledge. When everything is considered, however, I am inclined to think that a college-taught youth is severely handicapped at the beginning of his career. The education he gets certainly does not tend to make him fitted for the business life of farming.

The main fault of the present-day agricultural college is that the scientific side is stressed far too much. Too little attention is paid to the chief side of farming—the economic. True enough, the student is given a vast amount of exact information regarding soil improvement, the use of special manures for certain crops, the chemistry of feeding and the laws—so far as they are known—concerning breeding.

But he is not taught to regard all agricultural practices from the economic standpoint. The magnitude of the crop, the quantity of milk produced, and the excellence of the pedigree stock do not influence returns to the same extent as is imagined. The

Farming is something more than the successful application of chemical and botanical knowledge.

It is a business based on records and accounts, and economic problems are not sufficiently understood by the majority of farmers.

main considerations are the cost of production, the local market demands, and the ultimate selling price.

AGRICULTURE NOT APPLIED SCIENCE.

IT was the Archbishop of York, "The business of education is not to enable people to get on, but to enable them to know what to do with themselves when they are not getting on." The mistake made by agricultural authorities is that they hold that farming is nothing else than applied botany and chemistry. These are both highly important subjects and play their part in successful farming, but they are certainly not the sum total of agriculture.

Scientific farming was introduced somewhere about forty years ago. The spirit which imbued the pioneers of scientific farming has been passed down to the present time through a long series of teachers. They have found that teaching along the old lines imposed less strain upon their brains. They have failed lamentably to realise that the economic side of farming is, if possible, even more important than the productive side. To succeed, agriculture must be founded not on botany and chemistry, but upon book-keeping.

THE URGENT NEED.

THE equipment of the finished college student should include knowledge regarding not only the best manner of preparing the ground for any given crop, but exact information of the cost of each operation during its cultivation on various soils and in different localities. It is knowledge of this description which enables the farmer to decide whether such-and-such a crop is a paying one, or whether he would not be better advised to give it a miss and concentrate his energies in other directions.

What is urgently needed to-day is a new type of agricultural education. Farming must be taught as a business based on records and accounts. It must be guided by results and cost of production whereby the expenditure permissible may be calculated to the last penny.

It is only by conducting a farm on economic principles that it will pay.

Daffodil Time

DURING next week, on April the 9th and 10th to be exact, the great annual Daffodil Show in London will draw garden lovers from all over the world. The man of business looking down on the dancing trumpets of gold and ivory as he passes through his garden gate of a morning to catch the train to business would be surprised indeed if he were told that those delicate things, massed in a hall at Westminster, are luring the feet of multitudes from Ireland, Holland, Australia, Tasmania, Canada, America and New Zealand, as well as the farthest corners of England and Scotland.

His mind, busy with the great little affairs of his desk at the office, barely allows itself to rest for a moment's pleasure upon the spring-time beauty of the daffodils in his pretty suburban garden; to him they seem of delightful unimportance; he has never for a moment conceived the volume of business that is done in those bulbs and flowers; he does not know he is passing pure gold, gold of the heart and gold of the purse, as he hurries past his "trumpets." The true statistics of the daffodil trade would give him a considerable surprise, would probably, indeed, rouse his incredulous laugh.

A GOLDEN TRUMPET.

BUT the fact remains that when he bought his dozen or two bulbs in August to plant in his little plot of earth he became one of a very great company of people all over the temperate world, though he did not in the least guess the vast number and diversity of his companions. He probably bought "Emperor" or "Sir Watkin" because he was told they are handsome and could see they were cheap; but if by any chance he found himself at the great Show this week he would learn what daffodils can be—the "narcissi," they call them, as the name of the family is the narcissus.

To the man in the street a narcissus is a flat white flower with an orange "pheasant's eye," very fragrant and rather late in bloom; while a daffodil is a golden trumpet bravely blowing in the winds of March; but, strictly speaking by the books of the pedants, they are all narcissi. There is a nice habit in the Midland Daffodil Society of calling all the classes by the English name—*Leedsii* daffodils, *Incomparabilis* daffodils and so on—a piece of pretty sense which endears the society to one's imagination.

PET CLUMPS.

WHILE most of us like to plant the bulbs in large scapes under trees on the lawns or orchard, so that we have to buy the older varieties for the sake of cheapness, there are many thousands of gardeners who also like to have a few pet clumps of the choicer varieties in special places. These expensive bulbs we buy in ones and twos



Daffodils,

*That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.*

instead of by the hundred or thousand, and it will be next week when we can make our choice; for the finest seedlings of the whole world are gathered together then under one roof.

The British growers excel in growing new forms; they breed the best varieties in the world; and last year in Holland I was interested to hear several of the biggest bulb growers tell me how they come to this Island to get the new kinds of daffodils and then grow them on in quantity to sell to the world's buyers. If the British are the best hybridisers, the Dutch are among the most accomplished growers; the arts of bulb culture are traditional in that race.

There are three "surprise" clumps to open for me this late Spring (in mid-March I had not a single daffodil out). One is "Lesley Dudley," a new *Barrii* seedling with a creamy yellow perianth and a strong orange cup, of a sweet fragrance and great constitution; it is one of Herbert Longford's raising, and is named after the young soprano singer—I look forward very much to seeing that voice materialised in flower flesh in my garden!

Another new and exciting clump is called "Prospector." It is not one of the expensive kinds—the bulbs, indeed, were only 2s. each—but even so it is not yet (to me) a variety to plant in hundreds. It is the daffodil which Mr. Engleheart described as the deepest yellow trumpet known

to him, and when first shown some eight years ago it stood out in marked contrast to any other variety, compelling attention by its pure dark gold.

"SPANISH FLAG."

IT will be a breathless moment when the first bloom opens for me and I see again, in my own garden, that twisted perianth and neat flange at the mouth of the rich trumpet. It is a self colour with no other marking; and it has a way of lasting a very long time, either on the plant or in water.

"Spanish Flag" is the last of my excitements this daffodil time, as far as the intimate delicious excitement goes of seeing them blooming in my own land; it is a gorgeous affair of yellow and red, and still costs quite a large sum for the small purse.

I make no doubt that this year's show will bring me the usual pangs of longing for unattainable wonders; there is that lovely new daffodil raised by W. T. Ware, for instance—"Fortune." It costs £25 a bulb, and is quite safe from a good number of us, therefore, for several years to come; but it is a glorious *Incomparabilis* of great size and substance, the perianth is clear lemon-gold, flat and overlapping, the long bold crown of a glowing copper-red.

There is a certain lovely variety which I resisted last year, but which I know that I must soon acquire, if I can only have one bulb the first year. I want to see it open its loveliness under my own care. It is called "Silver Salver," and is snow-white with a jade green eye; the coolest and most exquisite flower, tall and strong, but of an extreme refinement. The great white trumpet raised by Mr. Engleheart is called "Beer-sheba," and some day perhaps I shall have a clump of that majestic daffodil; it is £4 a bulb

now, but when the autumn catalogues arrive one often finds that the distant beauties have come within arm's reach, and orders go forth accordingly.

THE FLOWERS IN BLOOM.

SPRING is the time to see the flowers in bloom; now is the appointed hour of delightful choice.

Daffodil bulbs go in the ground in early September, or even late August, if we can get them; they like a good buttery loam in which to grow. People with dry gardens of hungry sand had better not go to the Daffodil Show, for they are sure to want to grow some of those they see, and it is cruel to the bulbs. This is also the time to learn if our clumps will need dividing.



A new daffodil, Lesley Dudley, which has a creamy lemon perianth, a strong orange cup and deep yellow centre.

Money talks on the Films

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

The best results from an artistic point of view are not always obtained by the film producers who spend enormous sums of money on spectacular pictures.

THERE is no getting over the fact that lavishness counts on the screen. It pays to spend money, to do things on a big scale. No cases are on record of a film making a notable success with only a few hundreds spent on production, like, for instance, the play *Journey's End*. The film presenter who has large resources at his disposal starts with a heavy initial advantage. And as with money, so with ideas. Ample resources here, too, are required, and an outlook capable of generous scope.

But the curious thing is that those with the most magnificently filled money bags and the most grandiose conceptions do not, by any means, always get the best results, or anything near it, from the dramatic point of view anyway. Sometimes, indeed, they go most lamentably astray, with their very wealth and exuberance as a pitfall. Such an example one may find in *Noah's Ark*, the "talkie" which was put on at the Piccadilly recently with such a fanfaronade and flourish of trumpets.

TRAVESTIES OF THE BIBLE.

IT is truly colossal, and some of the Biblical scenes have never been surpassed, I think, for stupendousness. Yet, in many ways, I have never seen a more absurd film.

It is a mixture of Genesis and the Great War, both in garbled versions. Some genius of the studio, having doubtless heard the War described as a world-cataclysm, has conceived the bright idea of drawing a parallel of sorts between it and the Flood that may be read of in the Old Testament. (Oddly enough, by the way, a week or two ago Mr. Leonard Woolley reported having found evidence that this flood really happened—only instead of being a world-wide affair, as we were told in the nursery, it was just a local, though widespread inundation in the parts of Mesopotamia from which the early Hebrews hailed.)

And how that same screen genius has "monkeyed" with the Bible! An episode of Moses and the burning

bush may be remembered by its students—well, in the Unauthorised Version the incident is handed over to Noah. Even more astonishing, the Lord's Prayer suddenly makes its appearance among the Jewish patriarchs.

As for the War, the impression given is that a few days, at most, after it was declared, Paris was full of American soldiers, and that thenceforward troops of no other nation, except for a single Russian colonel, fought for the Allied side.

HOLLYWOOD ENGLISH.

NOW I won't deny for a moment that much of this is extremely amusing—though the climax of humour is reached when Miss Dolores Costello, who looks very charming in the part of a German girl, but has a trans-Atlantic accent of ripe vintage, is reassured as to any danger of her enemy origin being suspected with the priceless dictum, "Why, you speak English poetically!" Incidentally, I can hardly believe that Mr. Noah Beery, who plays the Russian Colonel with precisely the same intonation,

would have condemned as a spy so obvious a compatriot. But perhaps he knew that the lady's equally nasal husband would be among the firing party, and wished to carry the joke to the utmost possible limit—short, of course, of the actual shooting of the heroine, which would have been unthinkable.

And, by the way, seeing that the German girl was married to an American, why did she not make at least some passing allusion to her American citizenship when she was being condemned to summary execution—apparently on the sole ground that she was a German, for her only other visible offence was dancing in a soldiers' cabaret (for some entirely unexplained reason), with a liberal display of very charming limbs that might possibly have been considered disturbing to the morale of the troops?

THOSE CROWD SCENES.

TO bolster up the Big Idea of the Biblical parallel we are shown, alternately, crowd scenes of antediluvian Israelites worshipping the Golden Calf (which is another bit of pre-dating) and of modern New Yorkers excitedly thronging the local Stock Exchanges and places. The U.S. soldier-husband of 1917-18 appears also as Japhet, the German girl as his mythical fiancée Miriam, the Russian Colonel as a wicked Pagan King who orders her to be sacrificed (for the benefit of the crops or something), and so on and so on. But even this device fails to make anything out of the far-fetched thesis.

As for the financial side, I am informed that the film cost £400,000 and took 2½ years to make; that 2,000 workmen were employed in the studios and 7,500 "extras" or supers in the film; and that 4,000,000 gallons of water were used to produce the flood.



One of the well-managed crowd scenes in "Noah's Ark," at the Piccadilly. Miriam is carried to the sacrifice to Japhet.



The Flood. Four million gallons of water were used in the production of this vivid scene in "Noah's Ark."



Unless the trade absorbs more Rhodesian tobacco, the planter in the colony is likely to be hard hit, as there are heavy stocks on hand. Above is a tobacco field in Southern Rhodesia.

Smoking Imperially

*A certain prejudice once existed
against Empire-grown tobaccos,
but the present brands produced
in the Dominions and Colonies
leave little to be desired.*

WE are to-day, as a nation, the greatest cigarette smokers in the world. The German relies on his pipe, and smokes 453 cigarettes a head; the United States citizen is too busy puffing at his cigar to get through more than 678 in a year; but in Great Britain each subject consumes, on an average, 880 cigarettes a year. One of the main features of the post-war British tobacco trade has been the decline and fall of the pipe and the rise of the cigarette.

BIGGER EMPIRE SURPLIES.

THE Empire provides only 1 per cent.—less than nine of the 880 cigarettes consumed a head—of our cigarette leaf, but over one-third of our pipe tobacco. Altogether, Empire grown tobacco supplies us with 18 per cent. of our total imports of leaf. Though the United States—which has a lead of some three hundred years in this matter of tobacco growing—is still the source of four-fifths of our supply, and from the whole Empire we derive less than one-fifth. Yet seven years ago we imported only 7½ million lbs. of Empire leaf, and last year this figure had risen to 41 million pounds—an increase of 550 per cent., which is encouraging.

Tobacco grows in almost every corner of the Empire; in tropical regions such as Nyasaland and Jamaica, Northern Rhodesia and Mauritius; in the Dominions of Canada and South Africa, the new mandates of Cyprus, Palestine and Tanganyika, and also in India, the Leeward Islands, British North Borneo, and Southern Rhodesia. In many countries, present production is a mere shadow of the future, for Empire tobacco growing is still in its infancy. Behind these dry importation statistics lies a whole tale of progress. In remote Nyasaland, for example, tobacco accounted for 80 per cent. of the value of the total exports last year, and the whole future "opening up" of the young colony depends upon this "weed," and upon British demand for it.

PREFERENTIAL TARIFF.

RHODESIA jumped with such alacrity at the chance that she has tended to err rather on the side of over-production.

The practice of the trade is to

leave tobacco in stock for about two years, so that it can mature and can then be easily blended. Warehouses at the chief ports generally hold about two years' supply, but there is now over four years' stock of Rhodesian and Nyasaland tobacco, still largely unsold, with a good 1928 crop coming in. There has been a heavy fall in prices, and unless the trade can absorb much more Empire tobacco than heretofore, these colonies will be hard hit.

A tremendous filip was given to the Empire tobacco trade by the Imperial Preference granted in 1919, which was increased in 1925 to a rebate of one-quarter the full rate, and stabilised for ten years at 2s. 0½d. a lb.—a preference which, of late years, has amounted to more than the value of the leaf itself. Its effect is shown in some remarkable "before and after" figures. The Southern Rhodesian crop, for example, was 30 times as large in 1926 as in 1918—the year before Preference was granted—and in Cyprus it multiplied 23 times. Even in Canada, where the local market is on the whole more important than the export, production doubled in these eight years.

A Customs preference by the individual—a "voluntary preference" on the part of the consumer—can have an immediate and powerful effect on Empire trade by reinforcing the Government's Customs Preference.

The Imperial Tobacco Company recently placed on the market a high grade Rhodesian

cigarette. It was a bright day for the Empire tobacco trade when this came out, for one of its main mistakes so far has been to compete only with low grade American tobaccos. After the Preference came into force, certain manufacturers rushed out an inferior tobacco, labelled it "Empire," and sold it cheap; and this caused a prejudice which still lingers on although the cause for it has entirely disappeared.

CO-OPERATIVE PRODUCTION.

OVER two-thirds of our tobacco supply is manufactured by the Imperial Tobacco Company, which now owns three factories in Imperial centres of production: one built as long ago as 1908 in Nyasaland, one started in Ontario three years ago, and one now being constructed at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. This, and other big companies buy their supplies direct from the grower.

A new movement in the industry is co-operative sale by producer's associations. "Pools" were originally started in America to break a crushing buyer's ring, though their own tyranny was often more crushing than that of the buyers, and "night riders," dressed in Ku Klux Klan-ish nightshirts, visited with fire and ruin planters who refused to join.

British North Borneo has long supplied, in competition with Cuba, the Dutch East Indies, and elsewhere, the very high quality leaf used for cigar "wrappers," and Jamaican and Canadian leaf is used for "fillers." Like pipes, the popularity of cigars has waned; the total output of cigars "made in Britain" has fallen by 61 per cent. since 1907. About ten per cent. of our imported cigars are Indian, and eighty per cent. Cuban. The

British industry is making an attempt to stem the tide of this mysterious change of habit by putting out miniature cigars for "short smokes" which will compete with the upstart cigarette, and a revival in the cigar trade is not at all impossible.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

THE Empire Marketing Board, in addition to its advertising campaign, has issued a list of Empire tobaccos which are now obtainable at retail shops throughout the United Kingdom. The booklet is divided into sections listing pipe and cigarette tobaccos, cigars and cigarettes.

There are 304 brands of pipe tobacco, 125 brands of cigars, and 54 brands of cigarettes, making a total of 483 brands.

E. GRANT.



Natives are seen carrying tobacco to the curing sheds on a plantation in Southern Rhodesia, where some of the best Empire tobacco is grown.

Digging up Bible History

In her fourth article Mrs. Woolley, who with her husband has been making some wonderful discoveries on the site of Ur of the Chaldees, describes the finding of inscribed tablets and the method evolved for their preservation. Interesting discoveries have also been made in the tombs of the Royal Palace.

By Katharine Woolley

ON a site like this, covering so many historical periods, so rich in architectural monuments and in treasure, there cannot fail to be variety; one learns to look for the unexpected, but even so the new discovery comes sometimes with all the shock of surprise.

In very ancient times a smaller town of Ur stood on a mound rising above the waterlogged plain, and the refuse from its huddled houses was simply thrown out over the town walls; it formed against the wall's foot a heap, which gradually spread out further and further, and as the level of the town itself rose, as all Eastern towns do rise, each generation of houses being built over the ruins of the last, the rubbish heaps grew higher too, until at last the accumulated waste of centuries stood thirty feet and more above the plain.

Once or twice the process halted; pinched for space, the townspeople came outside their walls and built new houses on the levelled mounds. But the need seems to have been short-lived; the houses fell into decay, and more rubbish was flung out to bury their broken walls and the mound rose higher yet, keeping pace with the town.

DISCOVERY OF TABLETS.

THE cemetery in which we have been at work for so long lies in this ancient rubbish heap, and the shafts of the royal tombs were driven down into the heart of it. As we dig down there can be seen, running diagonally across the sheer face of earth which is the limit of our excavated area, alternate streaks of red soil and grey, black ashes and broken brick, masses of potsherds and household refuse, a varied and tell-tale stratification, which formed as, day by day and year after year, the people of Ur flung

out their rubbish on the slope, or wind and rain brought down it the debris of crumbling mud-brick walls or the ashes of burnt reed huts.

Close to the great death-pit, with its rows of gold-adorned women which I described in a previous article, the workmen, digging through this mixed soil below the lowest point at which graves could be expected, hit upon two lines of mud-brick walls belonging to the houses which, for a while, had overflowed on to the town dump. Then more walls came to light, lying beneath the first and forming a room whose floor was covered with a thick bed of ashes; from the damp, black, clinging dirt one of the pick-men pulled out a lump as black, but whose broken corner was of a dull reddish brown, the clay of which tablets were made.

The method of work changed. Squatting or lying down we set to work with knives to extract the shapeless nodules of soft clay. They were too soft to clean; had one tried to brush off the dirt the brush would have obliterated every sign inscribed upon them; so the extent of the discovery had to be taken

on trust, and every bit of clay, however unpromising it might look, treated as a scientific treasure. The process employed is a speciality of our own of which we are justifiably proud, for, thanks to it, we save every one of our tablets instead of losing at least half of them, as would otherwise inevitably be the case.

Each lump, as it was taken from the ground, was packed in clean dry sand in a kerosene tin—and by the end of the day a dozen tins were filled to the brim. Then, after being left to dry for a day or two, the tins, three or four at a time, were put in an oven of our own construction. It looks the craziest

Heath Robinson contraption, but its merit is that it works!

VALUABLE SCRIPT.

MADE of brick, the oven is built on the model of a corbel-vaulted tomb of the Larsa period (2000 B.C.). High above it on the roof of our guard-house, precariously balanced and held in place by string and bits of strip iron, is a big tin reservoir from which a pipe comes down to the furnace mouth. The pressure is sufficient to vaporise the crude oil descending from the reservoir, a kerosene tin, fitted with a tap, supplies water, and our furnace burns with a regular series of explosions and develops heat enough to turn the soft clay into terra-cotta which can be brushed and even washed with safety. And from the dingy black lumps in the tins we are recovering a whole series of inscribed tablets of a sort new to scholars.

The style of writing found in the royal tombs is fully developed; in these tablets it is semi-pictographic, and they fill a gap in our knowledge of the Sumerian script. What facts of history, what new light on social forms, may be wrested from them we shall know in time, when they have been studied and translated; now we can be content with the fact that Ur has this season given us yet another surprise and enabled us to recover a fresh phase in the history of civilised man.

ROYAL PALACE TOMBS.

ABOUT two months ago we uncovered, deep down and running under a wall of earth twenty-five feet high, some large blocks of limestone, part of a wall, and that most certainly the wall of a stone-built tomb. The men were taken off work at the base and



In the Royal Tomb at Ur. Mrs. Woolley clearing the beads from the floor of a vaulted chamber.



Beneath a pavement bodies of infants in clay bowls were discovered. A bowl is on the left.



Mud-covered tablets were discovered and were immediately transferred to tins and baked.

ordered to dig down again from the top surface—a very slow job indeed at that great height.

At last all the gangs were down at the original low level, and we laid bare a huge four-chambered tomb, with two chambers with corbel vaulting, and two with domed roofs, a magnificent sight. One of the domes, though sunken, was almost complete, and so was the roof of one of the arched side chambers, and the arched doorway which led into the tomb was unbroken, and its blocking of stone and mud plaster still intact; but at one end of the arched chamber some of the roofing slabs were out of place, and our hearts sank as we dug down and realised that someone, probably five thousand years ago, had been before us.

The massiveness of the structure was stonishing, great solid walls, but the robbers had broken through the roof and swept the tomb of all its contents. The stones used for the building were undressed, but a strong cement an inch thick was spread smoothly over floors, walls and ceilings; one might have thought it had just been laid down, so perfectly was it preserved. For the first time we could visualise what these great royal tombs were really like, and from what they originated; they were reproductions, underground, of the houses of living men.

Last year we found royal graves in which lay bodies of soldiers, women and courtiers; now we can see the meaning of this. The royal tomb in its earlier form is itself a royal palace, though on a small scale, and requires its retinue of servants. It is the entire court, building and personnel, that is provided for the king in the next world. But here all the pomp and circumstance had vanished long ago, and scattered

bones, two silver lamps, and loose beads of gold and lapis lazuli, and fragments of a gold and mosaic sceptre, were all that was left to us. Since the smallest of the chambers was larger than the whole tomb of Queen Shub-ad, the ancient plunderers must have had a wonderful haul!

NEW WORK.

AS a general rule, the end of a season is a

time when one is busy in finishing up odd jobs, tying up loose threads, verifying small points where doubts have arisen or might arise, but this year it has been different.

Work on the courtyard of the Moon-god's Temple was finished some time ago: we found the north-west and south-east limits of the early cemetery, so that we know exactly where to go on with the excavation of the graves next October, and with ten days in hand, we have begun an entirely new piece of work which, though meant to be only experimental has proved enormously interesting.

Ur is a most satisfactory site in that it seems to answer to any demands made upon it. For seven years we have been digging for the most part inside the limits of the Sacred Area, and always with success, but we had never had time to turn our attention to the city walls. No expedition anywhere in Mesopotamia has ever yet laid bare the

system of defences of an old Sumerian town; we hope to do this in time at Ur, but for the moment our plan was merely to get some idea of what would be the nature and extent of such a work.

Actually, when we came to dig the mound behind our house over which the Arab workmen come and go daily on their way to the excavations, we had our usual good fortune, and within a few inches of the sand's surface, came on a colossal mud brick wall—and the work which was intended to be an experiment turned out to be a dig almost complete in itself.



Father Burrows, the epigraphist of the expedition, puts the tins with the tablets into the oven.

WALL "LIKE A MOUNTAIN."

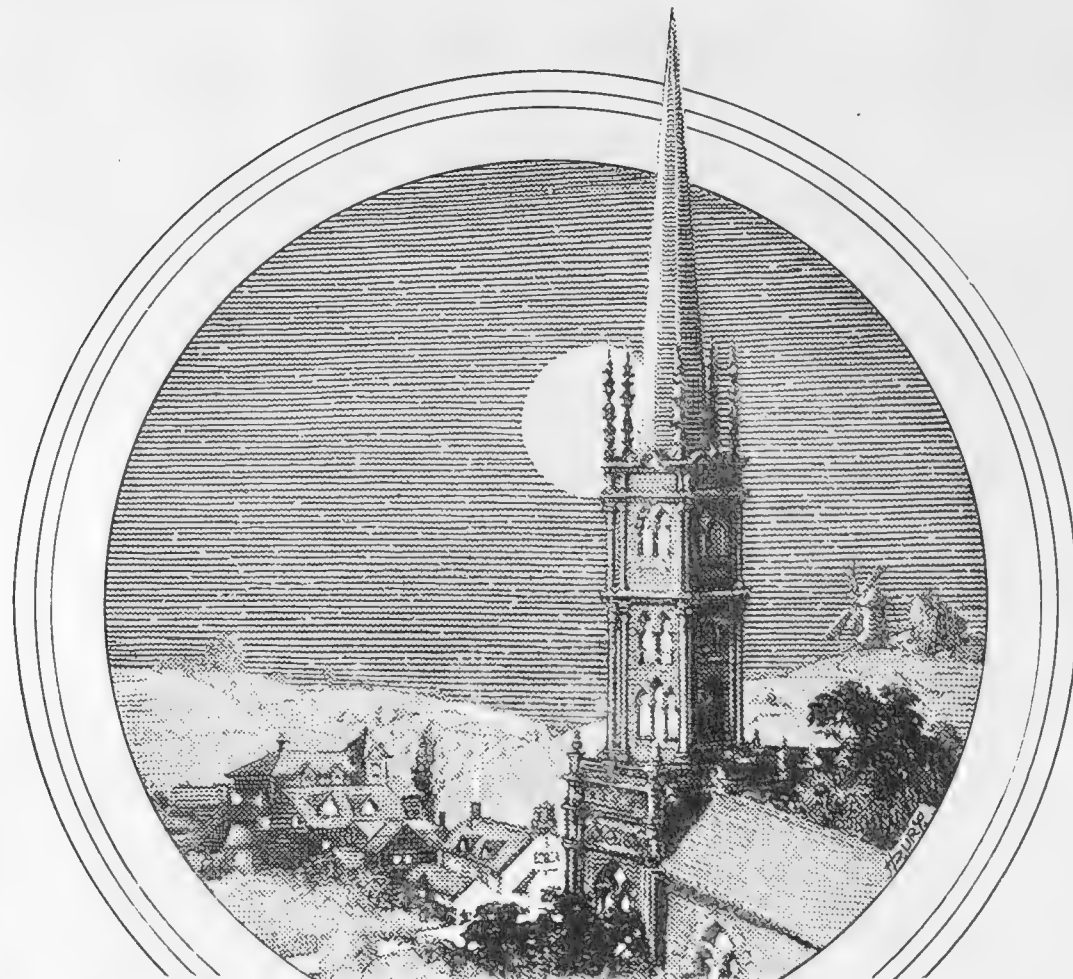
WHAT we found was a mud-brick rampart over twenty-seven yards in thickness and twenty-six feet high, along the top of which ran a row of buildings in burnt brick, private houses whose backs, built as a continuous whole, formed the upper part of the city wall. The low island in the marshes on which the first incomers to the southern Euphrates valley put up their huts of mud and reeds, had long since risen up on its own accumulated ruins to command the flat irrigated plain all round it.

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The final instalment of Mrs. Woolley's articles dealing with the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania to Mesopotamia will appear in an early issue of BRITANNIA.



A family vault under the floor of one of the houses on the city wall of Ur. It is built of burnt bricks.



Peaceful Nights



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Woman's Section . .

Edited by

Julia Cairns

The Season's new styles in frocks and lingerie, the value of colour in decoration, and up-to-date kitchen equipment, are some of the subjects of special interest to women that are dealt with in the following pages. And Miss Norma Talmadge, the famous film star, also discusses in a most interesting interview the question of whether or not money brings happiness in its train.



Ertram Park.

Here is the latest rendering of the 'two-piece'! A frock and coat of oatmeal-coloured French canvas, the revers of the former made of organdi of the same shade, edged with fine net, and the large bow on the one side striking quite a new note in trimming. There is one at the back of the coat too, from which streamer ends fall gracefully, for back-views are all-important in Fashion's scheme this Season. The hat worn with it, its black straw brim fashionably large, has a crown of heavy lace, matched to the colour of the ensemble.
(Roya Davis.)

Lingerie by Day and by Night

By Marjory Charlton

The effective set below, consisting of nightdress, knickers and brassière, is carried out in black georgette with applications and insertions of fine écreu tinted lace, the nightdress further embellished by gold tissue ribbon. And for the cami-knickers above, low cut at the back with a view to the new evening frocks, georgette and dyed lace is used. (Debenham and Freebody.)



could have found room to store them all away, and why they didn't get out of fashion, shops more economically from the point of view of numbers, but by the time she has provided herself with the right underwear for every conceivable occasion those

whose pleasing fate it is to defray the cost of her purchases are probably no better off!

EN SUITE WITH FROCKS IN COLOUR.

SHOPPING may have been easier when it was a case of "all white" only, but it must have been far less interesting. Now not only does modern woman take into consideration the colour schemes of her bedroom and boudoir when she sets out to purchase lingerie, but she has to consider it in relation to her various costumes.

Nor does she buy garments all of one design. Indeed, in tune with the spirit of the age, she makes a point of choosing sets that in small details vary as much as possible one from another.

For wearing with her sports and tailored clothes, she chooses spun or woven silk, for afternoon and general wear crêpe-de-Chine, and her choice for the evening is silk triple ninon or georgette.

Often in the day, and always in the evening, the really smart woman matches her underwear to her frocks, whether these are black or ivory-white or chartreuse-green or cardinal-red or café-au-lait or one of the many other shades included in La Mode's

colour palette this season.

COMING into line with the feminine trend in fashion, practically all the new lingerie models are lace trimmed, the lace being either ochre tinted or dyed to match. Sometimes it is used in the form of applications or insertions, sometimes for a quite wide border. There is even a touch of lace on the spun and woven silk garments designed on severe tailored lines. A certain amount of hand-embroidery is seen, also pin tucking and drawn thread work.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LACE

See, for instance, illustrated on this page, something very new in lingerie sets, consisting of nightdress, knickers and brassière, expressed in black georgette, daintily trimmed with insertions and applications of fine écreu tinted lace, gold tissue ribbon adding a further effective touch to the nightdress. Lace is also used lavishly in conjunction with crêpe-de-Chine on the cami-knicker model on the right above, cut low at the back, in view of the low décolletages that distinguish the new evening gowns.

There are also lace applications on the cami-knickers on the opposite page, likewise a touch of embroidery, this model, designed on simple lines and suitable for wearing with tailored clothes, being carried out in artificial silk. And on the crêpe-de-Chine Princess slip beside it, cut with fashionable side godets, there is lace again.

Striking colour contrasts, multi-coloured embroideries, startling patterns, are things of the past, the only designs that find favour being of the simple floral variety, and these are giving preference to plain colours.

Underwear to be fashionable must be in good taste. Anything that is "cheap" or garish in appearance is quite inadmissible.

BECOMING DESHABILLES.

DRESSING wrappers? These must, of course, be chosen in relation to colour schemes. Some are soft, diaphanous affairs, carried out in floral printed chiffons and georgettes and edged with dyed swansdown or marabout. Others, contrarily, are rather masculine in appearance, designed on straight lines in fancy silk and satins and piped and girdled with silk cord.

Remember that a dainty cap is a charming completion to a deshabille, at the time, shall we say, that the shingle is not all that it might be (!), all lace or lace and bébé ribbon over georgette.

The modern version of the pyjama suit generally takes the form of a three-piece, and has a three-quarter length wrapper to match.

THE VOGUE FOR PYJAMAS.

AND talking of pyjamas, "fifty, fifty" describes the relative selling value of pyjamas and nightdresses, says the head of the lingerie department in one of the biggest London houses. For sleeping in, that is. She was not alluding to the glorified affair in which all the world will sun itself on the

counts herself well dressed cares to be a back number as regards her undies, for styles in these inevitably follow the same trend as frocks and change from season to season. The backless cami-knicker, for instance, is the direct outcome of the evening gown that has the décolletage at the back cut down almost to the waistline; the Directoire shaped knicker has followed on short skirts; Princess slips are essential for wearing under frocks of the diaphanous variety.

Each garment in the lingerie trousseaux of the past could be counted in its dozens. Miss 1929, wondering where grandmamma

beach at home and abroad, that we lounge in at the close of the day or don for breakfast, with the pleasing consciousness of being becomingly clad. For every day this type of suit, usually of the three-piece variety, with the coat sometimes short, sometimes three-quarter length, grows more popular and more elaborate.

Printed satins, silks and crêpe-de-Chines, or these same fabrics plain and piped with a contrasting colour, go to the making of the simpler ones. And for "les autres"—well, no material is too rich, no colour scheme too striking. Jade or petunia satin trousers, fitting closely and becomingly to the leg, with a jumper of gold or silver tissue and a coat of patterned metal brocade. Or black velvet trousers piped with gold tissue, a loose blouse of printed satin and a gold tissue coat, velvet lined!

BELTS AND BRASSIÈRES.

THE new hip belts and brassières are particularly pretty affairs this season, made of ribbon or satin or brocade, and often decorated with raised floral embroidery. Sometimes brassières match them; sometimes these are of the frailer fabrics, such as crêpe-de-Chine or georgette.

Is there any truth in the suggestion that with the advent of more elaborate feminine styles in frocks, we shall soon replace them with whalebone? I wonder! Certainly the fact that the waistline tends to remain in its normal place gives one cause to think!

And with your figure in view, don't forget that you will need a suit in which to perform your "daily dozen"—in other words, the exercises that will keep you slim and fit.

A trim little bathing suit, with plain shorts and a striped top, neatly belted, and completed by a pair of jazz crêpe rubber shoes, will inspire you to the most terrific somersaults! And you can wear it in the sea later.

AND STOCKINGS!

BY her stockings and gloves you judge a woman! That is what some dress experts say concerning good dressing, and certainly, so far as stockings are concerned, they are right. Legs that are not as slender as they might be in stockings of a vivid pink! Legs in stockings that wrinkle! Legs in stockings that don't fit at the ankles. Legs in stockings that clash badly with frocks. Such crimes (and they are committed every day) entirely spoil the effect of an ensemble that is otherwise above reproach.

Flesh-pink, to which those with plump nether limbs seemed inevitably to be drawn (or was it only that the colour was in itself unbecoming?), is definitely "out" and very much softer shades have taken its place. . . . Mushroom, ranging from deepish

Styles in undies follow the same lines as frocks and change from season to season and in tune with the feminine trend of fashion, the latest models stress the importance of lace

THE QUESTION OF COLOUR.

WHILST nude or skin or gun-metal stockings look well with black shoes, there is a strong tendency this season for the greyish and brownish shades to match footwear, not just to tone in with them, but to match exactly, luckily not difficult of accomplishment to-day, when shades are infinite in their variety.

Matching shoes and stockings are much more becoming to the foot and leg than contrasting ones, and when they both blend in with frocks the effect is better still. By the judicious choice of stockings, a great deal, indeed, can be done to give a slender appearance to legs that in reality are not as slim as they might be. Plump legs, for instance, should always be clad in dark hose in preference to light ones, and in the case of sports stockings

vertical lines should take the place of checked designs.

With blue, shoes and stockings of stone, putty or grey or mushroom invariably blend charmingly. Cinnamon, snuff, biscuit, fawn, etc., are effective with brown. With black and also with the bright colours, green, red, yellow, etc., skin and nude look best.

In the evening stockings and shoes are beginning to match frocks again. The up-to-date shoe shop, indeed, stocks at the moment quite a number of satin models in all the fashionable shapes, in white and neutral colours, ready waiting to be dyed to any shade a customer may fancy. And the same rule naturally applies to stockings.

Gold and silver, still very much "in the picture," are often wrought in an open-work mesh in the finest tinsel. Silk net, too, is smart in the evening.

Ankle clocks, both plain and embroidered, are in the forefront of fashion's hosiery scheme. So are knee clocks, pointing downwards, and some of the arrivals in the stocking world have a black diamond-shaped inlet at the back of the ankle.

Printed and plain satin are combined effectively in the three-piece pyjama suit above. Artificial silk, with lace motifs appliqué and a touch of embroidery, expresses the centre model, specially designed for wear with tailored clothes. And crêpe-de-Chine and lace carry out the attractive Princess slip on the right. (Debenham and Freebody.)

brown to soft rose; mauresque; putty; cinnamon; snuff; fawn; rosewood; pearl; bichette; stone; wine mist. . . . Skin and nude are worn, too, and, of course, every shade of grey, from the deep gun-metal, that on the leg looks almost black, to the light silvery shades that are always worn with silver shoes. Glove suède grey is particularly fashionable and looks very smart indeed, exactly matched to gloves.

There will be more black worn this season than has been the case for some time, but only with black dresses. It cannot yet be described as popular. Rather a pity, because nothing is so becoming to the leg!



An ideal "batterie de cuisine" is provided by the use of aluminium kitchenware.

SINCE the days of Pliny aluminium has been known to exist as part of the earth's crust, and it is perhaps the most abundant metal known, for it enters into the composition of rocks, and the ruby, emerald, sapphire and other precious stones disclose it to the analyst. How to obtain it from the ores of which it forms part, in sufficiently pure form for commercial use, was a problem solved by an American student. At first it was manufactured at considerable cost, and amongst the first things made from it was a rattle for the little Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND.

A VERY different outlook for this metal, which a noted Frenchman once called "the intermediate metal between the noble and the base metals," exists to-day. Every possible culinary utensil that the housewife can need may be obtained in aluminium, the use of which will quickly prove a saving in time and fuel.

No other material out of which cooking utensils are made is so good a conductor of heat as this, and she who fits out her kitchen with aluminium sauce-pans, fish kettles, stew-pans, sautépans, egg poachers, etc., will be making an exceedingly good investment.

When the house-keeper purchases aluminium cooking utensils she may rest assured that she is providing herself with something that is ideal for her purpose. Though it may burn dry again and again it will not creak, chip or leak, and it retains heat in a marvellous way. If allowed to fall it will not break, and if dented it can be pounded back into shape. This metal will not rust or corrode, and

By J. Stuart Culbard

The introduction of aluminium into the kitchen has done much to ease the burdens of the housewife

air, wet or dry, has no appreciable action on it. Where other kitchen equipments have to be packed for storage, these may be left hanging up with perfect safety. True, after long exposure they may become coated with a thin film and possibly some black spots may be noticed, but both may be cleaned off without the least harm.

THE KITCHEN OUTFIT.

WITH ordinary care aluminium utensils may be handed on to another generation, as the French housewife hands down her beloved copper pans, and the fact that aluminium, being bright and polished, shows dirt and discolouration quickly makes for hygiene, since it causes them to be kept cleaner in consequence.



Its capacity for retaining heat makes aluminium invaluable for making tea and coffee, and for kettles, egg poachers, etc.

A well-appointed kitchen is indeed a pleasant sight and one that Teniers and other Dutch painters loved to portray. Many an artist has risen to heights of renown over culinary operations, and in the kitchen as in the world of books many a writer has been master of all difficulties. About Dumas, for instance, who knew as much about cookery as he did about bookery, it was said, "romancist or cook, Dumas is a chef."

Had he lived to-day he would, surely, have gloried in the romance of aluminium, the metal which has lain long in the earth to be brought forth now in goodly quantity for our service. He knew well that the outfit of a home kitchen is a matter of much graver concern than appears at first sight, for the tendency in modern times is to select utensils because they are cheap, whereas their economic value really depends on their convenience or adaptation to use, their durability and the absence of qualities injurious to health.

KEEPING ALUMINIUM CLEAN.

A FEW words as to the care of aluminium. Aluminium utensils may discolour when alkaline substances are cooked in them, and as the water in various districts differs in degrees of hardness, so the action varies, and the fact that alkalinity has caused it makes the use of soda to remove it of no avail.

This discolouration is of no moment, beyond distressing the housewife who desires to preserve under hard usage the satin-like surface which first attracted her. In fact, the discolouration only helps to form a natural enamel which adds considerably to the life of the metal.

But where brightness is desired before all things use hot water and fine silver sand, or sand soap, for cleansing the metal. When dry, polish with a chamois leather.

METHOD IN THE KITCHEN.

THE first step towards reducing time spent in the kitchen is to establish utensils that are labour-saving and to keep them in a definite place. Durable though aluminium is, a certain care should be given to it. Let every utensil or tool have a hook of its own, or its place on an open shelf, so that it can instantly be grasped and used.

Racks of various kinds permit easy grouping. There is the cook's rack extending over the range, from which pans may be hung. A similar rack may be constructed for use at the side of the stove, and be commodious enough to hold many of the tools needed.

It may not be out of place here to mention the ill-usage of a class of indispensable kitchen tools—knives. They are usually banged into the kitchen table drawers with the tin-opener and the apple corer, so that their delicate edges become blunted.

On Being an AUNT

By Gladys Peto

An Uncle, it is well known,
is wicked, at least in Fiction
... an Aunt is merely cruel
... cruel and a nuisance.

of owlets scare its slumbers when at last they come. . . .

We make it sick with a surfeit of strawberries and cream and exhaust it with picnics in the hay. . . . Myself, a country child, they wearied with urban adventure, with dazzling pantomimes and with visits to Madame Tussaud's wax-works. Then they put me to sleep in a distant attic bedroom skied away under the roof of the London house, where the rumble of the old horse 'buses became the roaring of a wax-work king ravening after his prey.

THE modern, artistic auntie invites the children of her more philistine sister, and clothes and clutters them with strings of curious beads, and little funny frocks supposed to have come from Central Europe. She walks them out in sandals, and sends them home with colds. She gives them presents of peasant-made toys and broad-sheets adorned with eccentric wood-cuts. . . . Whereas the children's tastes are all, like their mamma's, for robins and holly and pictures called "Kind Old Rover."

AUNTS, it must be admitted, improve as one grows older. The twenty years that separate the aunt and the niece seem less and less as the years slip by. One may then observe a helpful aunt, and a grateful niece or nephew. A deserving maiden may find herself invited for a wonderful winter visit to Egypt or to India. A nephew may find his aunt decidedly useful when she is willing to befriend the one girl of his acquaintance who is still most strangely expected to produce a chaperone. . . .

So let us take heart . . . the brigade of stricken aunties. There is some hope ahead. Besides another alluring possibility looms before us. In due time the aunts of to-day may become great-aunts. This state nowadays has sadly lost its glory. But could we not, perhaps, revive its splendours? What is a great-aunt at present? A golf-playing creature whom we probably address as "Tiny." The great-aunts of my nursery days were impressive ladies indeed.

"You must meet my dear old Auntie Marjorie," your then grown-up niece will remark, "the children's great-aunt . . . she has short hair and skirts to her knees . . . so old-fashioned, sweet and dignified . . . and she drives about in a motor car."

So one may become a celebrity.

"Why do you have her frocks so long?" . . .

IS there such a thing as a "Bogey-woman"? For such is the aunt. "Hush, hush, hush, here comes the bogey man" is more often recited in the form of—

"What will Aunt Marjorie say if she sees you do that?"

AN uncle, it is very well known, is wicked, at least in fiction—more particularly in the fiction of childhood. An aunt is merely cruel. Cruel, and a nuisance. Although for a writer of stories she is a convenience. Should one wish to tell the tale of a really misunderstood child, she is, of course, brought up by an aunt—her mother having naturally died at her birth. For story-book mammas (even nowadays) die at a rate of about ninety per cent., poor things, far more frequently than by real life statistics.

When one was young it was a sad, sad day when aunts were expected for meals or for visits. . . . What clean pinafores, what spotless nails, what conning of the catechism greeted their arrival! And for myself my frocks were always let down at the hem before Aunt Bertha appeared—or she remarked coldly—

"Ten years old and showing her knees."

The modern Aunt Marjorie will not, however, say that, for her own knees, either podgy, bony, or beautiful, now flaunt themselves abroad, and she tiresomely observes—

"Why do you have her frocks so long, my dear Peggy? It's far more healthy to have them short, and much smarter. I should take that up by six inches and picot the edge."

Peggy, who had the garment made nice and long and with a fine wide hem to allow for growing, smiles rather wanly. There is only one reply for this parent to make—

"I saw a charming little frock in Sloane Street to-day, only ten guineas—Anne would look adorable in it—but, of course, I can't afford it."

IN my own nursery only Aunt Mary was welcome. Kind, fat, and delightful lady. Presents she brought. Half-crowns she scattered gaily. What stories she told! What gay martial tunes ("The Soldiers of the Queen" one loved in those days) she played upon the piano. Ah, that is the model for Aunt Marjorie to take, but does she . . . ?

Alas! she does not. . . . Presents she may bring, but they are usually presents that please herself. Should she be a martial-minded lady, and the parents of her nephew hold quite other views, she comes laden with guns and soldiers. Or contrariwise.

"They look a little pale, don't they . . . ?" says the Aunt. "Have you tried that new Nut Food . . . ? Why don't you let them sleep on the roof . . . ? Why don't you let them go barefoot . . . ? Why do you send them to school . . . ?" And so she rattles on—the maiden or the childless auntie.

AND then, horror upon horror of our own well-remembered youth—the aunts invited us to stay. And we still do it.

The town-bred child we invite to the country. It cannot sleep, poor darling, in the unwonted quiet—and terrifying screams



Nightcaps

BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

Some soothing nightcaps are discussed by our contributor, who, while admitting the merits of many, pins his faith to one in particular.

WHY on shore or on sea should I here be going to talk about nightcaps? I answer that the cook who cannot make a nightcap is not worthy the name. Not those rummy looking headdresses which were worn in bed by our grandpapas and grandmamas, or the more or less rum-containing nightcaps which they took with them to bed to keep out colds and the cold.

A nightcap may be, but need not be, alcoholic; it is a matter of taste and tasting. We laugh too often at some of what seem to us the quaint ways of our forebears; but they were not so very foolish, some of them. That dear old warming-pan, for example, serves a much better purpose than to be hung as a decoration on a wall! I would say several words of praise of this old-time habit of going to bed with a "nightcap."

POSSET.

MACBETH was not the only murderer of sleep. We often murder it for ourselves, as when we go to bed empty or with cold feet. Being one of those who occasionally suffer from dread sleeplessness, I have experimented with nightcaps, and have found most of them comforting, particularly in winter-time, and some of them helpful to slumber. The very name posset sounds cosy, and it is a soothing drink; indeed, it might almost be called an eat. The first I tried, for there are many varieties, was a real sack posset, made with real Canary sack. But this I found induced a "certain liveliness" rather than a somnolence. Alcohol does excite the brain, except when it is taken in unseemly quantity, when the brain is numbed. But here is a mild and beneficent posset, which would not hurt even a youngster if one of the ingredients is omitted. Heat a breakfastcupful of milk, but do not quite bring it to the boil; then stir into it a decrusted, broken-up slice of stale bread. Stir this in a bowl with a pinch each of nutmeg and of salt and a dessertspoonful of good liquid honey. When these are thoroughly mingled, stir in a well-beaten egg in which you have put a dessertspoonful of sherry or rum.

It is this dessertspoonful that must be given a miss for the young ones. This is quite a delectable drink upon a cold raw night, such as we often have in winter and occasionally in summer.

SCOTCH NIGHTCAP.

THEN there is that famous Scotch Browse or Crowdie, which is both splendidly nourishing and very comforting, especially if you have a cold. Put a dessertspoonful of medium or coarse oatmeal into a bowl with a pat of butter the size of a well-bred lump of sugar, and a generous pinch of salt. Upon this pour a breakfastcupful of boiling water; stir; then allow the meal to settle to the bottom and drink the liquor.

Do not take the oatmeal itself; it is NOT wholesome. The addition of a little cream is pleasing.

CAUDLE.

NOT the nasty lady of that name, but a rather fascinating nightcap. Caudles are made in many ways, of which White Caudle is not the least estimable. Put a tablespoonful of oatmeal, a

pinch of powdered mace and a saltspoonful of grated lemon rind into a pint of water, and bring it to the boil. Keep it boiling for twenty minutes, stirring every now and again. Then strain, sweeten with a little sugar or honey; add a squeeze of lemon-juice, a trifle of grated nutmeg, and—if you will insist—half a glass of white wine or cider. Well and truly made, this is a charming and becoming nightcap!

GRUELS.

GRUEL was put into me as a little boy when I was ill. Therefore, for many years I fought shy of it, which showed that I had not reached years of discretion, for some of the gruel family are good company. For instance, this simplicity: Wash two tablespoonfuls of coarse oatmeal in several waters and then boil it in a quart of water until it is so reduced that it is no more than a pint. Strain through a coarse cloth and add a tablespoonful of white wine and a trifle of sugar. Make it very hot before drinking; but do not drink it while it is too hot!

The following I like even better: in a dessertspoonful of water make a paste of the same amount of fine oatmeal, adding to it gradually a breakfastcupful of milk. Put it in a pan and stir till it boils. Let it simmer very, very quietly for half an hour; then strain, sweeten with sugar or honey and reboil. A small amount of grated nutmeg will not do it any harm or you either. What about a little cream?

MY GOBLET.

BUT the best nightcap that I have found is the simplest of the lot, being practically ready made. Long and awful loud I laughed at it when recommended to me by "one who knew" it as a cure for sleeplessness, which was making my life a burden. More in desperation than in faith I tried it; I liked the taste well; better still liked the upshot, which was a refreshing slumber. I found it to be a cup that soothed jaded nerves and overworked brain (I have a little!) and to be a comforting friend when anxiety sat upon my pillow and drove sleep away. The difference in the morning! Able again to greet the day with a smile! I filled one of those pretty leadless-glaze goblets with nearly boiling milk, I put in one lump of sugar, and stirred in two heaped teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine. There's my nightcap! I had at first a sort of feeling that I was supping on baby-food, and me not yet in my second childhood! Now I sleep regularly and well, for I am faithful to my goblet and I find it a wonderful "tonicker."

It has the great advantage of being a soothing drink. It is not easy to define a soothing drink, but it is easy to recognise it when you taste it; something which cheers and comforts but does not inebriate.

Will you not try my nightcap? I maintain that the old-fashioned habit of going to bed with an inside nightcap is wise. Never tried it! It is never too late to end an error.

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Does Money Bring Happiness?

By Norma Talmadge

ONLY a philosopher or a saint will deny that, in our twentieth century civilisation, money is as necessary to our existence as breathing, or food, or drink. Food, drink, the very clothes we wear, are synonymous with money. Their possession signifies the possession of the common currency, unless we are of the parasitic class, and subsist on other people's bounty. Some say, of course, that that is just what we players do. For my part, I try to give something of myself in return for the public's favour. I think we all do.

HIGHER STANDARDS OF LIVING.

THE inevitable penalty of progress—the creation of higher and higher standards of living—of a more luxurious scale of existence. No one is more conscious of this than the film star, whose material needs seem to increase in proportion to his, or her, popularity and the size of the individual pay-check. For instance, it is taken for granted by all concerned that we must own the most exclusive make of automobile, the last word in beach-bungalows, the latest thing in bathing-pools, that we completely redecorate and re-furnish our homes every two or three years—if we do not entirely rebuild them!

Inasmuch as money has enabled us to live in comfort instead of in a mild form of penury . . . to have plenty of good things to eat—even then, for professional reasons, I am not allowed to eat them!—to buy pretty frocks and wear expensive jewels when the occasion requires, to surround myself with beautiful things, to entertain my friends, to meet interesting people, and occasionally help some "lame dog over a stile," or simply indulge some entirely Quixotic and incomprehensible fancy—then money has brought me happiness beyond my wildest and most avaricious dreams!

SLAVES OF THE CAMERA.

BUT apart from this power to gratify Bone's desires, does money really solve the problem of happiness? I wonder. As fast as one need is satisfied, another takes its place, and happiness, after all, is largely a matter of temperament and individual taste. Moreover, we in Hollywood, with our reputedly fabulous salaries, cannot do exactly as we please.

In the first place, we must observe the strictest régime in order to preserve the looks that were instrumental in our selection as stars. Even at the risk of offending the Philistines, I must make the sad confession that the "wild life" of Hollywood is hopelessly exaggerated. Young "extras"

*Miss Talmadge believes
that as soon as money
becomes our master in-
stead of our servant
happiness will pass us by.*

and "hangers-on" about the big studios are chiefly responsible for these delightful stories.

In the great majority of cases, we screen players are not nearly as free as the city typist, who dances till midnight at the cabaret. "Early to bed, early to rise!" is our inexorable maxim. We are slaves, not of the lamp, but of the camera, which is ruthless and all-revealing.

As for happiness, I sometimes think one is happier in the anticipation of a pleasure than in its actual fulfilment, in planning a surprise for a friend, or in receiving an unexpected present.

Personally, I much prefer my little beach-home at Santa Monica to the gilded grandeur of my house on the Boulevard. Happiness is an elusive thing. It cannot be wooed. It must take us unawares; it often arises out of our work.

At no time have I been happier than when working on the "set" in some big emotional scene. There is a great thrill in losing oneself in one's part. To feel for a minute that fire of—whatever it is that makes acting! Inspiration! Instinct! Something! I don't know what!

When one sinks the whole of one's individuality in the imaginative realisation of a character, the happiness that comes from this self-surrender is extraordinarily complete. It is like the essence of some new and lovely perfume.

WHEN THE LIGHT IS DIMMED.

I HAVE no set formula for happiness, except that we should never let anyone or anything become so necessary to us that our life is at an end when that person or that thing is no more for us. Success is very sweet, but it does not last. A blaze of fireworks, sparkling, iridescent, and it is over! A brilliant display, but how quickly the lights are snuffed out! And when the last light is dimmed, how very dark it is!

Of course, it is hardest for us on the screen when the lights do go out, for they have been so abnormally bright . . . so dazzling, so insistent, so worship-compelling. Everything has been pitched on such an extravagant

A delightful study of Norma Talmadge after a painting by Zuloaga.



scale. Our lives have been so full—so full of self. And happiness that has its foundation in selfishness turns very quickly to dead-sea fruit. For there is only one thing in life that is certain, and that is—change. The star of to-day must make way for the star of to-morrow. That is inevitable.

The very instant the box-office and the fan mail tell me that my day is done, I shall say, "Lights Out!" and step from under. That day is not yet here—but I shall know it when it comes.

AT THE MERCY OF RICHES.

WELL, I am thankful to say I have that philosophy now, and am not so sensitive to criticism as I was in those days. I know, too, that the happiest life for any woman is the normal life. Wifehood, house-keeping, and children. Children are the most important of all. They are something to live for outside of yourself and yet a part of yourself. No woman is ever completely happy without them.

Film stars are too calculating. Our money has made us so. We are at the mercy of the riches we have accumulated. We don't plunge into life like the ordinary mortal.

We are fearful of matters that should be unimportant, the way we look, the things people may say. I once heard a very famous screen actress discuss the possibility of having a baby. "But, my dear," she said aghast, "think of what it might do to my figure!" I believe that so soon as money becomes our taskmaster instead of our servant, happiness will pass us by.

Old English Needlework

NEEDEWORK three centuries ago occupied a rather different position in the daily round of a woman's duties than it does to-day.

John Taylor, the water poet, gives us an idea of this in a work he completed in 1640, during the reign of Charles I.

He shows us the variety of ways in which the competent needlewoman could occupy her needle. But he stops short, for there are a number more stitches and "workes" of that day which might be enumerated. Many of these are strangers to the woman of 1929, and the reason seems to be, not that the old patterns were inartistic, but that the needle has been turned to a more practical use.

UNDER the Stuart régime, fancy needlework was not confined to clothing. Indeed, needlework pictures and caskets were of paramount importance then, and this accounts for the particular interest which attaches to Stuart needlework in the great museums.

Before the needlework pictures came into vogue, women had devoted their attention

to larger pieces of work. It was no uncommon thing for a woman to embroider immense curtains, bedspreads, and the like. Nor was it uncommon for them to remain at the work on one of these "jobs for Job" for years at a time.

When the fashion for smaller canvases came into being, there was a superfluity of stitches at the command of the needlewomen. But they were still retained, with the result that it is almost impossible to distinguish them without the aid of a magnifying glass.

There is considerable history woven into this art, for women of rank and easy fortune in the Stuart period showed an active interest in it.

Charles II had in his Court one of the finest needlewomen of all time. She was Elizabeth Coombe. Nothing was too large for her to tackle, nor was anything too small. And her object lesson in patience and thoroughness was learned by all around her.

ELIZABETH COOMBE may be said to be responsible for more beautiful needlework and beadwork than any other woman, for, apart from the examples from her own needle, charming in themselves, she inspired by her lead many of the treasured prizes in our museums and private collections.

Stuart pictures were seldom without the sun, birds, animals, flowers and fruit in their designs. But it is strange that the "artists" seem to have had no sense of proportion. The lion, representing sovereignty, was rarely much larger than the birds. The same way with the leopard, which was invariably added to denote British adherence to Royalty.

But this only goes to prove the magnificence of the work, for a beaded casket of imperfect design is still sought by collectors.



This magnificent bead-worked casket is of the Charles II period. The inside, lined with salmon pink silk, is fitted with a mirror and secret drawers. The design stands out boldly from a plain background with marvellous effect.



A gentlewoman's writing case is shown above worked finely with beads. The handles and feet are of silver, while the whole piece is mounted with tortoiseshell. Bottles and ink containers find a place inside. Dated 1665. A needlework picture with an inset portrait of Elizabeth Coombe, the celebrated needlewoman of the reign of Charles II is also shown.



BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

A Hercules to Help Us!

MANY years ago, according to mythology, it fell to the lot of Hercules to cleanse the Augean stables. It is strange the deep truth which often lies behind these allegories. History, as we know, is given to repetition, and there have been many occasions since, in the history of every nation, when Augean stables have cried aloud for cleansing.

In other words, national affairs have reached that pass when only a strong man could avert a headlong crash to ruin.

THE HOUR PRODUCES THE MAN.

IT is a curious thought, and a provocative one, that the necessity always appears to have produced the man. Some one has arisen, at the eleventh hour, from his obscurity, performed the task, and gone down to posterity as one of the great men of the world.

Remember the case of France. When the French peasantry, after sufferings unthinkable here in safe and sober England, were drunk with the success of revolution, there arose—Napoleon. His influence saved France from a tyranny greater than the one from which she had so recently escaped. He steadied the country, marshalled her forces, and all but succeeded in making her the greatest Power in Europe.

Coming down to modern times, one thinks of Mussolini, that vital, volcanic figure who has snatched Italy from the grip of Communists and restored her to prosperity. Whether or not we like the methods of Napoleon and Mussolini, whether we regard them as friends or dangerous foes, there are about them certain points in common.

Both stepped in at a time of national crisis, both assumed autocratic power after the manner of a timely Hercules. And—granted that the path lay through a vale of tears—both have earned the gratitude of their fellow countrymen.

Here in England we have reached that stage when the half-inarticulate cry is for some one of outstanding strength. I do not mean that we need a Napoleon or a Mussolini. I do not admit for one moment that I agree with or admire the methods and philosophy of either. But I do mean—and I mean it very seriously—that above all the nation needs a leader.

The dulllest ear can detect the rumble of distant thunder. On every hand there are symptoms of the gradual disintegration of authority. These symptoms are not serious as yet, but—unmistakably they are there.

THE VOICE OF DISCONTENT.

THERE has been a crisis about the Prayer Book. The people and those who represent them have been moved to

defend their particular religious views, whatever they may be, with a vigour which was, to say the least of it, surprising. Perhaps some of us doubted that in these material days the nation really cared so much about religion. Recent events have taught us our mistake.

The Prayer Book crisis has been "settled," but not altogether peaceably. There are many, even in high places, who rebel, and they have not allowed the light of their rebellion to be obscured beneath a bushel.

Another symbol of authority has been under criticism—our police force. It is a significant thing when the public mind is exercised about the very pillars of its Constitution.

Royal Commissions are a cumbersome and somewhat tedious means of examining the social evils of the day, and in the end they may only offer palliatives. Nevertheless, Royal Commissions, for what they are worth, are eager for sitting room to solve some of the problems of the moment.

Why? Because those problems are getting daily more acute. When the voice of discontent is raised it will not be denied.

For the last ten years the country has been glad enough of peace. Heaven knows it was welcome enough after the horrors of the War.

WE NEED A LEADER.

BUT even peace can pall. Now that the novelty has worn off, now that the blessed relief is ours, we are slowly realising that we cannot be forever resting on our oars. As a nation—and in common with many other nations—we have been convalescent. The time approaches when we must shake off the last remains of illness and take our places in the fray.

Over 1929 there lies the shadow of a General Election. It is a shadow, too, and not a sunbeam, because the bravest, most sanguine soul would not dare to forecast events with a few million extra women added to the electorate.

It is for these reasons that I believe we need a leader.

On the political stage, at the moment—or should I call it a circus?—we see none but familiar faces. The parties are well ahead with the preparation of their programmes. But we know what is coming. The same old promises, the same old blandishments, and the same old allurements as



By

The Rev. B. G. Bourchier, M.A.

before. Pledges for votes and votes for pledges.

The country doesn't trust these worn-out party tactics. The truth is that the country doesn't know whom or what to trust at all.

REMEDIES, NOT PALLIATIVES.

IMAY be wrong, but I believe that now is the time for a Hercules to help us. If from the chaos and the perplexing atmosphere of doubt which is our Augean stable a man arose with shoulders strong enough to bear the burden—a man with a clear-cut courageous policy, divorced from party politics, which offered both Prosperity and Peace—I believe he would sweep the country in the triumphant gaining of our faith. But he must be strong; he must offer remedies, not palliatives, and, above all, he must have the inspiration of a leader.

On other occasions, as I say, necessity has somehow or other contrived to find the man. Will she do so now?

I wonder.

"BE THINE OWN SELF."

WELL, it seems to me that everything depends on whether or not the hour can provide a man of sufficient individuality. Individuality is the paramount need of to-day. Few men possess it in adequate quantity. The world is suffering from a superfluity of "echoes," with a paucity of "voices."

This slavery to convention, this tendency to uniformity, must be vigorously resisted. A man to be a saviour must own himself. So many appear to be content to act as stairs upon which they allow others to climb. Whereas, in a pregnant sentence of Emerson, "there is no virtue equal to that of non-conformity." The call of Heaven to any man who would serve his country in its hour of need is this: "Be thine own self. Think thine own thoughts. Act upon thine own convictions. Play not second to any man."

Brighter Bridge

By G. H. W. RAMSEY

A WEEKLY Bridge Competition is now incorporated in BRITANNIA. The answers to the problems must reach this office not later than the first post on the Friday following publication. They should be addressed: Bridge Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The decision of the Card Editor is final.

PROBLEM XV.

♠ 10 x x.
♥ Q.
♦ Q J x x x x.
♣ A Q 10.

♠ A x. North ♠ K 8 x x
♥ K J x x x West East ♥ 10 x x x
♦ A x. South ♦ x x.
♣ K x x x South ♣ x x x

♠ Q J 9 x.
♥ A x x.
♦ K 10 8.
♣ J x x.

West deals and calls one Heart; North, Two Diamonds; East, Two Hearts (a poor call); South Two Spades (a speculative call); West, Three Hearts; North, Three Spades. Bidding closed.

With the opening lead of the fourth best Heart (a bad lead even though East has supported the suit), indicate how South should play the hand by giving a tabular analysis of the game.

THE CONTRACT COMPETITION.

I was extremely disappointed both to receive so few entries to my Contract Competition, and to note the poorness of their quality. I had hoped this apothecis of bridge had more enthusiastic converts in Great Britain.

(i) South, holding: ♠ A K x x; ♥ Q J x x x; ♦ x x; ♣ x x has no original call at Contract. West passes and North, on ♠ Q J x x; ♥ A K x x; ♦ K x x; ♣ A x calls One No Trump. South takes this into 2 Hearts and North, on his top Hearts and the knowledge that South would not deny on a trickless hand goes to four. Bidding closed.

(ii) South, holding ♠ A x x; ♥ A x x; ♦ A K Q x x x; ♣ A, should call Three No Trumps from hand; with a reasonable distribution of the cards, it holds nine tricks. North (save with a phenomenal hand) will pass, and no-one else will interfere.

(iii) South on ♠ x x; ♥ A K Q J x x x; ♦ A K x; ♣ x, calls Two Hearts—not three; three suggests a long suit with broken strength; two a large hand with a solid suit. West follows with a call of Three Spades. North, with control

of the Spade suit, top Clubs and a partner opening with a call of two, has three options: (a) To bid 4 Hearts and close the bidding; (b) to double; (c) to try for a slam. At a table of experts, (c) is the method to be pursued. North therefore bids 4 Spades to announce two facts: that he can insure against immediate Spade loss, and that his hand has great possibilities. South, hearing this outrageous bid, which he must rescue into five Hearts, thinks he may as well show his tops by bidding five Diamonds first; it costs no more. North then realises that the Hearts and Diamonds, being solid, will give at least 11 tricks (if South has

but 6 Hearts) and with his two Aces, sees grand slam on the cards which he bids.

- (iv) South, on ♠ A K x x and an ace outside bids one Spade; North on ♠ J x x; ♥ K J x; ♦ K Q x; ♣ A x x x gives a double raise to Three Spades. South, if vulnerable, should pass; if invulnerable, should bid to four.
- (v) South, on ♥ A K Q x; ♦ A K x and rubbish in the blacks, calls a Heart; North on ♠ A K x; ♥ x; ♦ Q J 10 x x; ♣ A K J x x bids 4 No Trumps—the reason for the redundant bid over a game contract being to ask South to speak further if he can, South appreciating the significance of the slam signal,

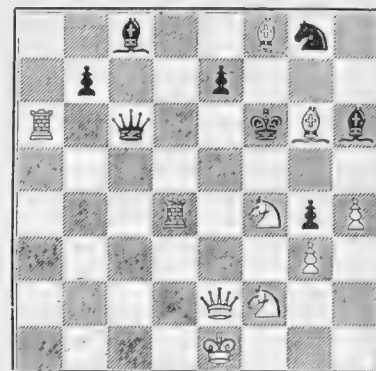
shows his diamond tops by bidding five and North, according to his mood, goes six or seven No Trumps.

[As no Competitor got more than two answers right no award will be made this week.—ED.]

CHESS

By T. C. EVANS

Problem No. 16. By J. A. SCHIFFMANN.



White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions (postcards preferred) should be addressed Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and they must arrive not later than Friday next. Due allowance will be made for overseas solvers.

Problem No. 14 (Easter). Key B—K2 (threat Q—Q3). If KtxKt dis ch; 2P—B3! If KtxBP dis ch; 2Kt—B3! If QxKtPch; 2PxQ. If QxBPch; 2BxQ. If QxKt; 2QxQ. If PxKt; 2QxP. If Q—B2ch; 2KtxQ. In the initial position Black can give two checks. The key allows an extra check by the Black Q, and dis checks by the Kt. Beautiful half-pin mates follow the dis chs, and 3 further half-pins are provided by the Black Q. A strange looking problem, but an extremely clever piece of work.

Correct solutions of Problem No. 13 (6 points) from Nos. 1, 3, 14, 15, 21, 26, 27, 51, 53, 54, 72, 84, 85, 96, 97, 112, 126, 129, 143, 162, 172, 173, 182, 184, 185, 187, 190, 191, 203, 217, 226 and 229. Incorrect claim of "no solution" from No. 186. A few solvers gave 1 R-Kt, overlooking 1... P-Q5; 2 R-R6, K-B3, and there is no mate next move. Others gave 1 R-Kt6, but then, if 1... K-K1; 2 R-Kt7, B-K3, and again there is no mate in three moves.

Additional solutions of Problem No. 12 from Nos. 22, 84 and 85.

End-Game No. 10, was solved by P. Stobart and E. A. Ellison.

I must apologise for a printer's error in the End-Game last week. This was given, most unfortunately, with all White pieces. Here is the corrected position: End-Game No. 12 (Kling): 4KR2; 7R; 4K3; p4kt2; 8; 8; p6P; 8. White to play and win.

Selected Game.
Game No. 16. An excellent entertainment, with some exciting moments.

Alekhine's Defence.
White Black
M. Seibold P. Scheller
1 P—K4 Kt—KB3
2 P—K5 Kt—Q4
3 P—Q4 P—Q3
4 Kt—KB3 B—Kt5
5 P—KR3 BxKt
6 QxB PxP
7 PxP QKt—B3?
8 B—QKt5 Q—Q2
9 O—O P—QR3
10 R—Q1 P—K3
11 B—B1! KtxP
12 Q—K2 B—Q3
13 P—QB4 KtxP
14 QxKt O—O—O
15 Kt—B3 (a) KtxKt
16 PxKt B—R7ch
17 KxB QxR
18 B—B4 Q—Q2
19 R—Kt1 (b) Q—K2 (c)
20 KxP KxR (d)

(a) Black is evidently planning to play B—R7ch, and nothing, apparently, would suit him better than the text. Disillusion follows in due course.

(b) Very strong. Threatening QxRP! or RxP!

(c) If P—Kt4; 20 Q—R4! and if PxQ; 21 BxRP mate, of course.

(d) White announced mate in 7 moves, by 21 QxRPch, K—Kt; 22 Q—Kt6ch, K—B1; 23 B—R6ch, K—Q2; 24 B—Kt5ch, K—B1; 25 Q—R6ch, K—Kt; 26 B—B6. If 22... K—R1; 23 Q—B6ch, K—R2 (if K—Kt; 24 B—R6); 24 B—R6, R—Kt1; 25 B—K3 ch, R—Kt3; 26 Q—Kt7 mate.

BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS—No. 16

CLUES.

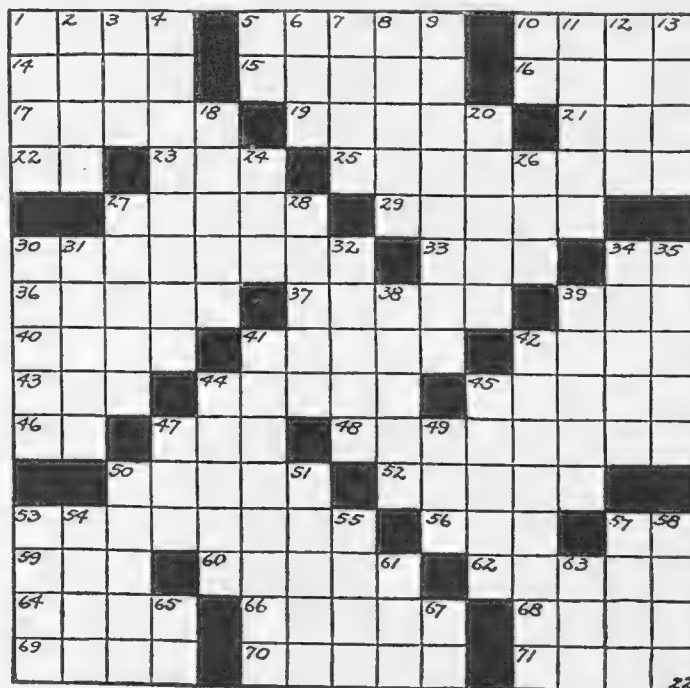
ACROSS.—1. "Tinsmith's dream." 5. Amusements. 10. A Bohemian river. 14. A space. 15. Flower without end. 16. Light, yellowish brown. 17. A given fact. 19. Every man is supposed to have his this. 21. Put it on troubled waters. 22. 1/4 of sly. 23. Sag backwards. 25. Not a manly ornament according to Seneca. 27. Agony. 29. A muddled verse. 30. Pretext. 33. Scots river. 34. Manuscript. 36. Sharpens. 37. Mixed steel. 39. Upside down tap. 40. Nearly public. 41. A demon with an r becomes a pal. 42. Not quite tuned. 43. Not gross. 44. Build. 45. One of the Doones. 46. Half Ireland. 47. Beheaded goddess. 48. Message. 50. Fishing vessel. 52. Rents. 53. Habituate. 56. Procure. 57. Headless human. 59. Constellation. 60. East wind. 62. French river. 64. With "ad" to esteem. 66. Taxes.

A years' free subscription to BRITANNIA is offered for the first five correct solutions opened after the closing date. Solutions must reach the Crossword Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, not later than the first post on Friday, April 12th. The Editor's decision is final.

58. With a species of heather a young bird. 61. Pied printers' measurements. 63. The Club nunsance beheaded. 65. One-third of seven English kings. 67. Steam yacht (abbrev.).

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD NO. 15.

ACROSS.—1. Caper. 6. Ebb. 9. Abate. 14. Agave. 15. Are. 16. Laden. 17. Riles. 18. Rot. 19. Arias. 20. Elm. 21. Tonsils. 24. Emu. 25. Test. 27. Needy. 28. Ruse. 29. Rocs. 31. Erse. 33. Taboret. 36. Seepage. 40. Acute. 41. Moper. 42. Testate. 45. Trireme. 47. Edit. 48. Rust. 49. Brad. 52. Devil. 54. Scar. 58. Oil. 59. Perigee. 61. Obi. 62. Ovate. 64. Nog. 65. Valid.



68. Once in Piccadilly Circus. 69. Vehicle on runners. 70. Foe. 71. Schism.

DOWN.—1. Crotchets. 2. Viva Vocc. 3. Half a reply. 4. Female relation. 5. Grand Council (abbrev.). 6. Scalp twice scalped. 7. Not less. 8. These live after us. 9. Withdrew. 10. That is. 11. Tea-cake. 12. "Or little by little." 13. Mixed enticement. 18. Sometimes have nests. 20. Short of regret. 24. Opposite of 4. 26. Port without beginning or end. 27. Dogma. 28. Girl's name. 30. Telephone (abbrev.). 31. A pirate. 32. Not quite select. 34. Derby winner (1925). 35. Vapour. 38. "Too late, too late! ye cannot—now" (Tennyson). 39. A cat does this. 41. A break. 42. To be this is one of the Froth Blowers' objects. 44. Rub out. 45. With St. a race. 47. A three-toed bird. 49. Tarry. 50. Twenty. 51. Moslem Scriptures. 53. "—, for the love of Allah." 53. Heaven in France. 55. "— and magnificent without a tear" (Dryden). 57. Forthwith.

67. Mates. 68. Ale. 69. Erode. 70. Sleet. 71. Lar. 72. Rarer.

DOWN.—1. Caret. 2. Agile. 3. Palms. 4. Eve. 5. Rest. 6. Earnest. 7. Brose. 8. Betides. 9. Alas. 10. Bar. 11. Adieu. 12. Teams. 13. Ensur. 22. Once. 23. Lyre. 26. Trotted. 28. Reports. 30. Oread. 32. Semis. 33. Tat. 34. Ace. 35. Bus. 37. Ape. 38. Gem. 39. Ere. 43. Tide. 44. Eternal. 45. Trigger. 46. Rule. 49. Booms. 50. Rival. 51. Alate. 53. Viola. 55. Colour. 56. Abide. 57. Rider. 59. Pest. 60. Ever. 63. Tee. 66. Ara.

CROSSWORD NO. 13.

The following are the prizewinners:—Mrs. Bloomfield, Waylands, Station Road, Hornchurch, Essex; Percy Wilde, 160, Ravensknowle Road, Huddersfield; Mrs. Davidson Cairnlee, Bieldside, Aberdeen; Mrs. P. R. Brown, Wilberlea, St. Andrews; Charles Appleyard, St. Austells, Maidenhead.

Diesel Engines for Road Transport

A successful trial of a Diesel-engined lorry suggests that the petrol engine may have a serious rival in the near future as the power unit of motor cars.

By J. Harrison, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.A.E.

DURING the past few weeks the public have suddenly been made aware of the Diesel engine and its possibilities for road transport. Judging from some of the statements made, one would gather that the ubiquitous petrol-engined car is in immediate peril of being superseded by a new type of car burning crude oil. This engine, which was invented as long ago as 1892, is now much used in power stations, and it is gradually replacing steam at sea, for no less than 63 of the 84 vessels of over 8,000 tons now being built are fitted with it.

ADVANTAGE OF THE DIESEL.

THE essential difference between it and the petrol engine is that the latter vaporises its fuel in a carburetter, where it is mixed with the correct proportion of air. The petrol engine is confined to an expensive, highly inflammable fuel, the sources of supply of which are almost entirely in foreign hands. The Diesel, on the other hand, can burn any oil that will ignite at all, and that, incidentally, includes the majority of mineral, vegetable, and animal oils. Its normal fuel is the residue that is left over after the petrol and paraffin have been distilled from the crude oil. This is no more inflammable than coke or coal, and consequently, the fire hazard, inseparable from the petrol engine, is non-existent.

Its cost is about 9½d. per gallon, less than the price of commercial petrol bought in bulk. As the Diesel is more efficient than the petrol engine it not only uses a cheaper fuel, but it will do more work to the gallon.

There are, however, two great drawbacks that hitherto have militated against its use on road vehicles, and they are its lack of flexibility, and the minute proportions of the fuel pump. The modern car owner expects to do nearly all his driving on top gear, and he demands an engine which will run at any speed from walking pace to 70 miles per hour on that gear.

His engine must be capable of running at as high a speed as 4,000 revolutions per minute, and throttling down from that to 350 revolutions per minute. This range of flexibility is utterly beyond the Diesel, in which the highest speed ever attained

is in the region of 1,300 revolutions, but I doubt if the engine on which this speed was achieved could be induced to run as slowly as 350 revolutions per minute.

WORLD-WIDE DEMAND.

A LARGE Diesel such as used in the liner m.s. *Bermuda*, is a huge affair weighing 300 tons. Its cylinders have a bore and stroke of 23½ inches and 71 inches respectively. The power developed at normal speeds is 11,200 h.p. Even on this enormous engine, however, the fuel pumps are quite small, for it does not require a big set of four pumps to deal with a gallon a minute, which is its approximate fuel consumption.

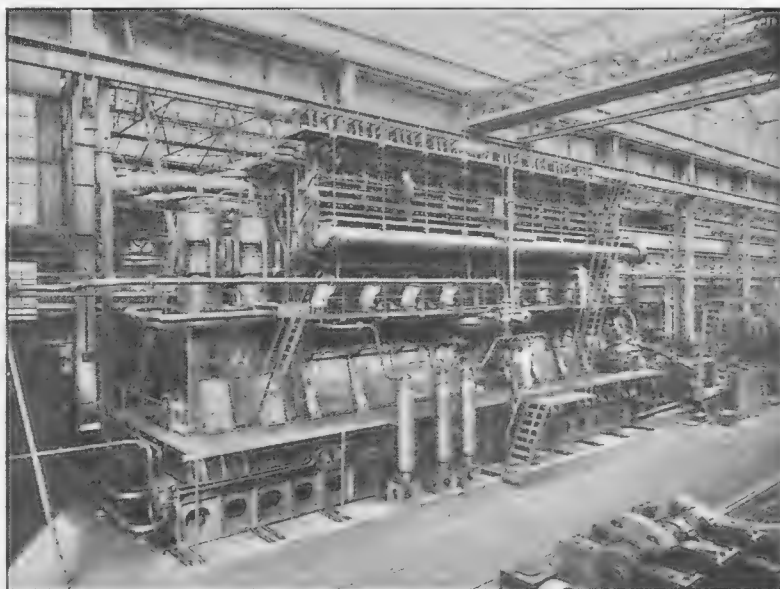
The demand that exists for a light engine of this type is nevertheless, world wide. In aviation circles it is certainly badly needed, for the highly inflammable nature of the petrol used in the present type of engine presents a grave danger, and moreover, the Diesel's superior economy necessitates less fuel being carried. The saving is rather more than 1/10 lb. of fuel per horse-power hour, and on a big 3,250 h.p. airship, such as the *R101*, which is being fitted with engines of this type, this represents over seven tons on a 50-hour trans-Atlantic voyage.

It must not be forgotten, however, that while the aeronautical engineer has shown that it is possible to build a light engine, he has done nothing to solve the problems relat-

ing to the ultra small power unit such as would be required for road transport.

RESULTS OF A TRIAL.

SOME four years ago, rumour began to float around that the German Mercedes-Benz combine had built a successful Diesel engined lorry, and a few weeks ago it was



How enormous are the Diesel engines which are used on board the M.V. "Asturias" may be gathered by the size of the men working in the galleries. The picture shows only one of a pair of 10,000 h.p. engines which were built for this vessel by Harland Wolff, Ltd.

submitted to the Royal Automobile Club for test. The results obtained were even better than its sponsors claimed for it.

Carrying 6 tons, 14½ cwt., and towing 7 tons, 12½ cwt. on a trailer, the lorry ran over 6½ miles to a gallon of fuel costing fourpence. As the total weight of the lorry, its trailer, and the load was 19½ tons, the ton-mileage per gallon equalled 130.2. To obtain an equivalent performance from a small car, whose total weight with load is one ton, a petrol consumption of 130.2 miles per gallon would have to be obtained on a gallon of fuel which cost fourpence.

A FACT FORGOTTEN.

A FACT lost sight of, however, was that the engine used was a six-cylinder unit with a bore and stroke of 105 mm by 165 mm. Small as this engine is for a Diesel, it is nevertheless, over five times as large a power unit as the one fitted to the popular Morris-Cowley car, and hence it is still on the large size for a private car. The slight wait that is necessary for it to warm up before starting, its comparative lack of flexibility and high cost of manufacturing, are all things that will militate against its use in passenger cars, especially as a reduction in size will most likely result in an increase in manufacturing cost.



Courtesy of

The Mercedes-Benz Diesel-engined lorry which underwent an official trial on crude oil.

"Motor Transport."

Old Un-Happy Far-off Things

By Douglas Jerrold

THESE books have a curious air of unreality about them; they are tales of famous men who have their niche in history, but tales full of sound and fury signifying . . . well, what do they signify?

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, characteristically discursive, recreates for us not a little of the humour and pathos of the old Irish Nationalist party in their fevered struggle for Home Rule; but principally he recreates for us the figure of Charles Stewart Parnell. It might be imagined by the ignorant that those who never lived in those times can recreate the passions then excited in the light of more recent but not less startling or criminal happenings. But that is not so.

Parnell and his party represented the first challenge of democracy to the rule of the English political families and their dependants. The personal tragedy of Parnell himself, on which Mr. T. P. O'Connor throws no new light, was immaterial to this issue, and the issue itself is now so long decided that the story of the swift collapse of the English oligarchy before the startling spectacle of an organised body of seventeen voters strikes us to-day as almost prosaic.

ALL-PERVADING FUTILITY.

NOT that Mr. T. P. O'Connor's story lacks life, subtlety and charm. But its very merits lend colour to the suggestion of an all-pervading futility. T.P. has lived too long near the heart of events to be a victim of illusions. He writes of politicians as men, very human and most of them personally honest ("honest, of course, only in the restricted sense of the term" as I once heard a prominent Liberal politician describe one of his colleagues. There is much virtue in that "of course.")

He knows that individual foibles, varieties and weaknesses determine events to a greater extent than the most magniloquent utterances, because political machines are made of men and not of words. He feels this contrast himself; he gives us, for instance, an interesting account of the memorable attack by Forster on Parnell, and of Parnell's inconclusive reply. The atmosphere was electric. A charge of criminal connivance to an outrage was made and ineffectively answered. Yet in a few days time, writes T. P., "the tragic scene—the memory of which still pains me—was forgotten . . . it had little or no effect on the future proceedings of the House of Commons." What is the meaning of it all? Simply that under a wide franchise votes count and arguments do not.

The Bradlaugh episode, which T.P. also describes, is only another instance. The House of Commons could as little choose its own members as its own policy. The tragedy of Parnell was that the irregularity of his private life temporarily broke the machine he had created. But it had no permanent effect. Every Liberal govern-

BOOKS TO READ.

All Quiet on the Western Front. E. M. REMARQUÉ. Putnam, 7s. 6d.

In Twenty-six Prisons, by Y. BEZONOFF. Cape, 7s. 6d. net.

The Case of Benn v. Maxton, by ERNEST J. P. BENN and J. MAXTON. Benn, 5s. net.

Slaves of the Gods, by KATHERINE MAYO. Cape, 7s. 6d. net.

Fire Spirits, by P. BUSSON. Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net.

The Truce Breaker, by T. J. MORRISON. Murray, 7s. 6d. net.

Catherine Foster, by H. E. BATES. Cape, 7s. 6d. net.

The Murder on the "Emiqueta," by M. THYNNE. Nelson, 7s. 6d. net.

ment from that time onward had to satisfy the Irish vote or fall; the personal influence of Parnell was a legend dating back to older conceptions of politics which Parnell himself destroyed.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, from his point of vantage as the only Irish nationalist sitting for an English constituency, lets us know with unfailing suavity that he sees not a little of this. His sense of humour is far too keen for him to mistake the working of a political machine for the voice of the people—and he is too good a Catholic to pretend that it is the voice of God.

Rightly he challenges the popular idea of the old Irish Nationalist party as a body of adventurers. But one and all seem to have been convinced that politics consisted in electioneering, lobbying, talking, voting. It was the subconscious knowledge that none of these things enter into the art of governing that produced the seemingly irrational hostility to a personally amiable body of men.

FROM PARNELL TO DREYFUS.

TO turn from Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea to Dreyfus and Zola is to breathe a different atmosphere. Two historic European forces—anti-clericalism and anti-Semitism—ranged themselves round Dreyfus and his accusers, and fought a battle in which the unfortunate Dreyfus himself was almost forgotten. If Dreyfus had not lived he would probably have had to be invented.

Mr. Josephson, in his vivid narrative, forgets this, he sees only the Galahad-like figure of rationalistic justice tilting at corrupt Catholic court-martials. Similarly English journalists have sometimes seen only the Nonconformist conscience tilting hypocritically at the titanic figure of Parnell practising the higher transatlantic morality. Morality had nothing to do with the one scandal, and justice very little to do with the second. Actually the Dreyfus case brought politics into the French army, and it took a European war to clean up the mess. But naturally Mr. Josephson misses this point, which Zola also missed.

"*Memories of An Old Parliamentarian.*" By T. P. O'Connor. (2 vols. Benn. 42s. net.)

"*Zola and His Times.*" By Matthew Josephson. (Gollancz. 25s. net.)

He calls his book, on the contrary, "the History of Zola's Martial Career in Letters, with an Account of his Circle of Friends; his Remarkable Enemies, Cyclopean Labours, Public Campaigns, Trials, and Ultimate Glorifications." This grandiloquence sets the keynote to the book. For Mr. Josephson is tremendously excited about Zola. Most of us in Europe have long since recovered from the effect of that torrent of not too pellucid waters which poured upon us unrelentingly as a libation to the gods of Naturalism. We rather wonder what all the fuss was about.

Is there anybody now who can feel much interest in the interminable ramifications of the Rougon-Macquart family? Does anyone read Zola save those unfortunates who for academic purposes are obliged to consider his "influence" on the French novel?

Yes, Mr. Josephson does. But even he does not appear to be greatly excited over Zola's literary qualities. He seems to have conceived a tremendous personal admiration for a figure which most of us can hardly find heroic. The rather grubby young student with the usual mistress; the little fat bourgeois with, for those days, a rather unusual power of self-advertisement, surrounded by his adoring wife and mother; the elderly lover of Mlle. Rozerot. . . .

No, these are not heroic figures, at least by the pre-war European standard. We have, however, been familiarised with so many strange and paradoxical forms of heroism since the men who did not go to the war began to write about it, that perhaps, after all, we can let poor Zola pass.

ZOLA'S CHALLENGE.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of Mr. Josephson's book is naturally occupied with the Dreyfus affair, and he reproduces faithfully the hysterical tempo of the country during the revelations.

I must confess, however, that I do not find Zola's share in it as heroic as Mr. Josephson does.

"Zola's fearlessness and courage, and above all his admirable power of indignation, seemed the perfect antithesis to the mass life of the modern age. He was the heroic type who emerged from this mass life, addressed it directly, and had the strength to resist it." This is Mr. Josephson's summing up of the personal and literary character of Zola. This is post-war jargon and seems entirely unsound. For Zola was not the revolt from the mass but the incarnation of the mass. He had indeed only two things—creative power and energy. He was, much more than Daudet with whom the analogy is occasionally made, the French Dickens.



T. P. O'Connor, author of "*Memories of an Old Parliamentarian.*"

Broadcasting Ten Years Hence

Our contributor conjures up visions of a time not so very far off when listeners will have the choice of several broadcast programmes and when the tele-cinema will be a popular form of art.

By E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE, D.Sc.

(The distinguished scientist and inventor.)

THOSE who have followed the development of broadcasting during the last eight years have been struck with its haphazard nature and lack of plan. Broadcasting stations have sprung up everywhere like seeds sown by the wind, and have survived as best they could. They have done their best to please the public by providing information and entertainment, and have paid their way either by advertising fees or by licences for reception.

The chaos of transmitting wavelengths, which was particularly acute in America, has been gradually cleared, and most stations within hail of each other can now be received without interference. But this is only the first step towards a satisfactory world-system.

A ROSY OUTLOOK.

OF the 1,000 different wavelengths suitable for broadcasting, less than half have been parcelled out among the various broadcast stations. The allocations will, no doubt, be revised until the best system is discovered. What will be that final system?

Ten years hence broadcasting will have developed into a fine art, and the listener will have a most appetising bill of fare spread before him. The technique of broadcasting and receiving will be fully mastered, so that the illusion of the actual presence of the artist or speaker will be created. Distance will have been eliminated as a disturbing factor, so that all the main world-stations will be received throughout the world with equal facility.

Spark transmission of Morse signals will only be permitted in the case of ships in distress, when no listener will grudge the facility. Atmospherics will, no doubt, present an occasional difficulty, but with the advance of knowledge these disturbances, like those due to the vagaries of the Heavyside layer, will be rendered harmless.

The ether will then be relatively clear for the reception of the good things which are to be put into it. The first of these good things will be music, the international language of the emotions. Grand opera, light opera, vaudeville and farce will all have to be

represented, and so will symphony concerts, song recitals and performances on special instruments. But whereas now we run the risk of listening to the same piece of music, or music of the same class, wherever we turn, there will in the future be greater specialisation.

When it is just as easy to receive from



The technique of broadcasting and receiving will be fully mastered, so that the illusion of the actual presence of the artist or speaker will be created.

Stockholm as from Milan, or from Daventry as from Königsberg, it will be simpler to get all our vaudeville from Daventry, all our symphonies from Stockholm, our dance music from Königsberg, and our opera from Milan. This will allow, for instance, of the training of a super-excellent operatic orchestra in Milan, which would play with the inspiring consciousness that the world was listening to it.

A WORLD CLOCK.

IT is very pleasant nowadays to tune in to Budapest and be sure of hearing some tzigane music. The pleasure derived from that experience will be multiplied a hundredfold when we can turn to a hundred stations with

the certainty of finding something distinctive to suit our mood of the moment.

There might be even a station for experiments in new scales and

forms of music, such as what is called "micro-music." This is a form of music which is played on a scale of very minute intervals. A whole scale is fitted into the interval of a semitone, whereas it ordinarily occupies an octave. It is said that, once the ear has got accustomed to the delicacy of the sounds, as much pleasure can be derived from this form of music as from the orthodox kind.

One of the most urgent improvements which will almost certainly be made in the next ten years will be the establishment of a world clock. It will probably take the form of a continuous time service which can be consulted anywhere in the world at any time of day or night, and will give the hour and minute of Greenwich time for international use. This service might be made to drive actual time-pieces by means of relays, thus solving the whole question of time by having one clock to keep time for the whole world.

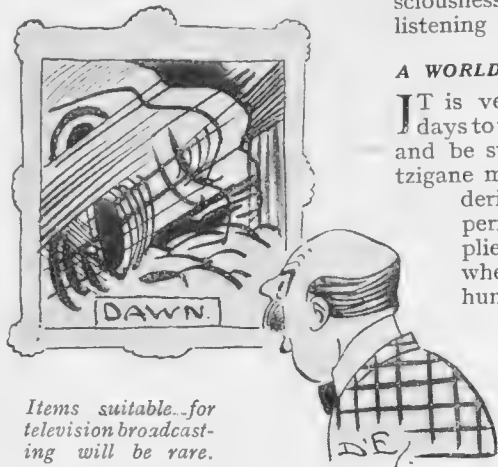
PROSPECTS FOR TELEVISION.

AN important new feature which will play a part in all broadcasting of the future will be picture transmission, including television. The impatience with which the advent of television is awaited by many listeners must not mislead us as to the relative importance of the transmission of sight and sound. The sound is the more important element of the two.

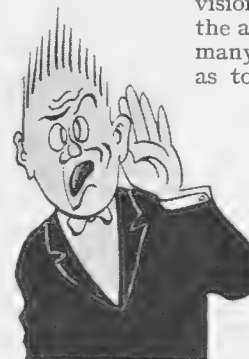
The relative space given by newspapers to text and illustrations respectively gives a good idea of the respective importance of the picture and the printed word. The printed message appeals to the mind direct, while the picture requires some interpretation by words. When people are shown a picture, they must be told what it represents before they are interested. In other words, the chief function of

pictures is to illustrate the text.

It must, therefore, not be expected that in ten years' time the broadcasting stations will devote a large proportion of their time to television. Items suitable for television broadcasting will be rare. It will be easier to obtain pictures of general interest.



Items suitable for television broadcasting will be rare.

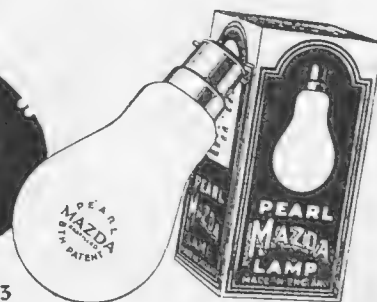


Once the ear has got accustomed to the delicacy of the sounds, as much pleasure can be derived from this form of music as from the orthodox kind.

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ROADSIDE PICNICKING

*The dangers of getting your car bogged,
and of starting a heath fire, are to be
guarded against by roadside picnickers,
while the problem of how to dispose
of débris also calls for attention.*

*By the Hon. Victor
and Mrs. Bruce*

IN spite of the fact that the picnicking season can scarcely be said to have begun with the Easter Holiday, many a party decided to avoid the delay and expense attached to a meal taken under a roof, and complete with camera, groundsheet and portable wireless set enjoyed a restful interlude by the roadside.

All the popular picnicking grounds—Newlands Corner, Hindhead and a thousand similar beauty spots throughout the country—were full, of course, but it is not in such places as these that full enjoyment can be obtained, and those who are wise will seek, or have sought, some little private nook of their own, concerning the location of which they refuse to give a hint to anyone.

But picnicking, pleasant as it is, introduces problems, and unless one's pleasure is to be taken at the expense of the comfort of others it is well that serious consideration should be given to them. Regarding the necessity for clearing up the débris of tins, and bottles, and paper bags it is surely unnecessary to speak, but at the same time it is often a difficult matter to know how best to dispose of the rubbish.

To carry it away from the actual

time comes to move on it may be found that the car wheels spin and dig themselves in. Naturally, one chooses firm ground if possible; but the mistake that so many people make when there is any such danger is to reverse on to the soft ground, in order that they may drive straight off.

It is a much better plan to drive on and reverse off, since the driving wheels have

beaten track, and the road is usually relatively narrow.

Other traffic passes, for even the byways have lost their one-time seclusion, and the presence of a single stationary car may have quite a serious effect in causing congestion. Many people seem to consider that their duty is done if the car is parked half on the grass and half on the road, but even this is not sufficient, and may cause highly dangerous conditions if the fact that the spot is on a bend of the road is added to other complications.

REPAIRS ON THE ROAD.

ON no account should a car ever be halted, even for a minute or so, except on a straight stretch, even when so serious a matter as an engine adjustment or tyre repair is in question. In the great majority of cases it is possible, even though the engine will not run or—as with a deflated tyre—it is not advisable to run it, the

car can be pushed. And pushed it must be, if necessary, to a point at which the least possible inconvenience is caused to other road users.

Push your car well off the road when you stop on a country road.

The open door constitutes a danger to other road-users. Keep it closed.

The danger of stopping on a bend is obvious, if one gives it a moment's thought. If the car cannot be seen by drivers approaching fast in the same direction, there is always the danger that they may be unable to pull up in time to avoid colliding with the car; but even if they can, it is necessary for them to pull out on to their "wrong" side of the road, and as it is impossible for them to see what may be approaching from the opposite direction—traffic which also may be travelling fast—there are all the makings of a serious accident every time a car is so halted.

Another little roadside danger is the car which is pulled up, possibly with its near side wheels on the turf, but with the offside door swinging open, while its occupants search for wild flowers, take photographs, or enjoy a quiet cigarette by the roadside. Again the matter is so obvious that it seems almost unnecessary to mention it; but actually, a great many people do leave the car doors open for one reason or another.

Apart from the obstruction caused in this way, the driver of an approaching car has no indication as to whether the door has been just left carelessly, or whether a passenger is about to leave the car; but in any case, even so small a matter as half the



camping ground and throw it piece by piece out of the car windows by the roadside is a short-sighted policy which does not help much; but, on the other hand, the idea of carrying the débris home and disposing of it in the domestic dustbin, often the only decent solution of the difficulty, is not a very appealing one. However, it is a problem which each of us must solve for himself—but, one is sorry to say, does not!

ROADSIDE ACCOMMODATION.

PARKING the car is a much more serious question. If the ground by the side of the road is at all inclined to be soft, many people fear to drive their cars on to it in view of the possibility that when the

then a much shorter section of the treacherous surface over which to travel, with a corresponding reduction of risk, while, in any case, if the necessity to push the car to firm ground does arise the distance to be accomplished is less.

If it is possible, a camping or picnicking place should be chosen that is a little above the road, as then the natural slope of the ground back again to the road allows the car to be driven off with a much smaller application of power, or even under the influence of its own weight. Whatever the conditions, however, the vital thing is to park the car completely clear of the roadway, especially as picnic parties naturally choose a site that is at least a little off the

car width, plus the swinging door may easily be a serious cause of congestion and potential danger.

'WARE FIRE.

THERE is one last point that ought to be mentioned, and that is the care which should be taken to avoid firing the dried grass or heather. Such fires are not generally started in the way one might think—through the boiling of kettles for tea on a little wood blaze. As a matter of fact, most people who make their own tea when picnicking use either methylated spirit or petrol stoves, with neither of which is there much danger, but those who do kindle their own fire are automatically careful to see that the flames cannot spread.

The real cause of trouble is much more often the carelessly flung match and even the smouldering cigarette end. A heath fire after a spell of dry weather is so very easily started that one cannot be too cautious, especially as there may be considerable risk not only of the ordinary damage to property and the spoiling of the beauty of the countryside, but even to the cars of picnic parties in the neighbourhood.

COMBINING TWO PASTIMES.

HAS the popularity of the outboard hydroplane yet made sufficient headway for it to be regarded seriously as a pastime to be indulged in in conjunction with motoring? Scarcely, perhaps, though this is bound to come. The little boats are so light and manageable that some varieties can easily be carried on the roof of a saloon car, while skeleton trailers, capable of carrying the boat and of being towed by the smallest of inexpensive cars, are obtainable. Motor-boating has not made the progress in this country that it has in others largely through the lack of inland water facilities, though of course the relatively high cost of the normal motor-boat has had a great deal to do with it.

Now that the new type of craft has been developed, however, every car owner is a potential motor-boater, for the driving of the craft in ordinary service is the simplest thing in the world, while the latest type of outboard engine is remarkably reliable and simple to keep in order. They have a reputation for trickiness which cannot be regarded as altogether justified now, whatever may have been the case in the past. Providing one does not



The Mecca of many motorists in the West, especially at dawn on Midsummer Day—Stonehenge.

require the super-performance of a racing engine and uses ordinary care, an outboard engine is no more difficult to maintain than a motor-cycle or small car engine, and is very nearly as reliable. For those who like camping holidays, an ideal time may be spent with a small outboard among the equipment, and it can quite easily be arranged that the camping gear is carried with the boat on the trailer, in which case there is no additional complication.

Considerable development is on the way in Britain in the manufacture of both outboard hydroplanes and the rather more elaborate speed boats; and, undoubtedly, the growing popularity for the speed thrills which will be provided this year at almost every holiday resort will have the effect of stimulating the actual purchase of such craft. Motorists in particular appreciate the similarity in the control of these boats to that of their cars,



Combining two pleasures. The car is used to take outboard motor boat enthusiasts to the scene of their aquatic sport.

while the performance is not at all unlike that of a fast car—even down to the effect of poor springs on a bad road, if choppy water be taken at speed!

TRYING OUT THE 17-50 H.P. ARROL ASTER CAR.

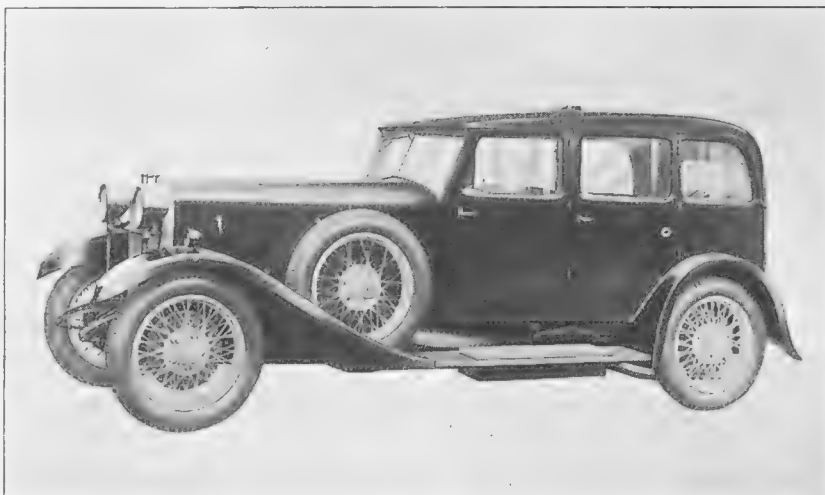
Engine	.. Six cyls., 67.5 mm. bore and 110 mm. stroke; 2,356 c.c. Single sleeve valve type; four bearing crank-shaft.
Tax	.. £17.
Clutch	.. Single dry plate.
Gear-box	.. Four speeds, right hand control; ratios 4.54, 7.63, 11.42, and 17.5 to 1.
Springs	.. Semi-elliptic front, cantilever rear.
Price	.. Saloon, £598.

A CAR which has a number of points of individuality is always more interesting to test than one which follows convention throughout, no matter how good the latter may be; and that is the first thing which one notices in reading the specification of the 17-50 h.p. six-cylinder Arrol Aster, or, in examining its chassis.

In the first place, its engine is the only British single sleeve valve type; and in the second, the chassis includes practically every modern point of refinement, such as one would scarcely expect to find on a car at less than double the price of the Arrol Aster. As an instance, the single-shot chassis lubrication system may be mentioned; while another point of interest is, that provision is made for the adjustment of the four-wheel brakes by the driver while the car is actually in motion.

So far as performance is concerned, the power of the engine, considering the size of the car in relation to the nominal horse power, is remarkable. Speeds well in excess of 60 miles an hour are easily attainable, and the car has an honest cruising speed of 50-55. Speed on the Arrol Aster, however, is very deceptive, and a stranger to the car would probably think at first that its powers of acceleration on top gear were not outstanding.

A glance at the indicator usually proves that the smoothness and quietness of the engine has led to considerable under-estimation. This is the less important in that the car is exceptionally good in regard to road holding when cornering at speed, while on the other hand, the brakes are both powerful and very smooth in operation. The suspension, too, is an excellent compromise to provide both adequate riding comfort and the essential quality in a fast car of stability on corners. In order fully to appreciate the Arrol Aster appearance and bodywork it is necessary first to have in mind the fact that the price of the fabric saloon is under £600. It is, to all intents and purposes, a large car, which one would not regard as extravagantly priced at four figures.



The 17-50 h.p. Arrol Aster includes practically every modern point of refinement and is exceptionally good in regard to road holding when cornering at speed.

Too Many Golf Events

From now onwards the Golfing Calendar is so full with events of varying importance that friendly games are difficult to arrange, and our contributor advocates the holding of only important fixtures.

By Gerard Fairlie

IN the issue of BRITANNIA dated December 14th last I wrote: "I am opposed to the curse of many stupid and unimportant local championships, extra competitions and the like, which all go towards blocking up the year's golfing calendar, encouraging that loathsome being the pot-hunter, and generally making friendly golf difficult. We would do a great deal better, in my opinion, with only the national championships, the St. George's Cup at Sandwich, and the various club medals and team matches."

I still hold the point of view which I then expressed, and it may interest some of my readers to know the number of competitions of varying importance which are to be held during the month of April. I have a fixture list before me as I write, which I have every reason to suppose is accurate, and between April 1st and April 30th there are eighty-seven fixtures shown, or nearly three a day! I suggest that the ordinary amateur golfer, who presumably has to work for most of the week, is going to be hard put to it, if he is fond of competitive golf, to find a spare moment in which to play a friendly game with one of his pals. It should be noted that these eighty-seven fixtures do not include the spring medals of various small clubs in out-of-the-way districts.

Of these eighty-seven fixtures there are only six which are of sufficient importance to note. They are the Roehampton Professional Tournament, the date of which I have not yet heard, the "Golf Illustrated" Gold Vase, the Ladies' Golf Union Spring Meeting, the English Inter-County Championship, the English Amateur Championship, and the Ryder Cup Match at Moortown, Leeds.

I am inclined to think that these figures bear out my contention.

IS IT SHARP PRACTICE?

WITH the approach of spring medal days, those clubs fortunate enough to possess two courses are at the moment faced with rather a difficult question to decide. It was found during last season that a very large number of

the members of several clubs were making a practice of playing a morning round on one of the two courses when a competitive medal round was to be played on the other in the afternoon.

At the outset it is clear that there is no rule of golf forbidding this practice, but many people are complaining that an unfair advantage is thereby gained. The only rule bearing on the subject is aimed against putting on the greens, but if this practice

is to become general a great advantage rests with those who have the time to play all day over those who can only reach the club in time to play the competitive round.

Medals are usually played for on Saturdays, when the great majority of members can compete if they so wish, but many city workers cannot get their Saturday mornings off from the office. For this reason I stated it as my definite opinion that all club committees concerned should make a definite ruling on the subject, and I suggest that the competitor's first round of the day should be for the competition, whether he plays it in the morning or the afternoon.

DISTRICT REPRESENTATION.

THE announcement made in the Press recently of the composition of the Scottish amateur team to do battle with England on Saturday, May 25th next, has come unusually early. At the moment no useful purpose can be served by discussing the team individually or as a whole; but this announcement has reminded me that teams of all sorts are due to be selected fairly soon.

I was talking to a selector about the recent International teams. He told me some very interesting things, and then went on to make the following remark: "In most cases half a side is easy to choose: the men automatically select themselves. The remaining have to be selected from twenty candidates, and is a matter of difficulty."

So far so good; but he went on to say that as these twenty candidates probably play the game almost equally well, selection here is really a question of finding out which of the men happens to be in form at the moment. Where this proved to be impossible, he maintained that if the team were already composed mostly of northern players, then from among the doubtfuls those who came from the south should be preferred.

Frankly, this point of view staggered me; it seems to me that selectors are definitely shirking their duties if they choose teams on this principle. Surely an International team is meant to be the best available team which the country concerned can produce at the moment when the match is to be played.

A CASE IN POINT.

SUPPOSING it were possible to find a Lancashire golfer and a Surrey golfer of absolutely the same ability competing together for the last place in a side, there are two ways by which a definite selection may be come to. The records in previous matches or competitive events of the two contenders can be examined, or one of the selectors can go out and play with them.

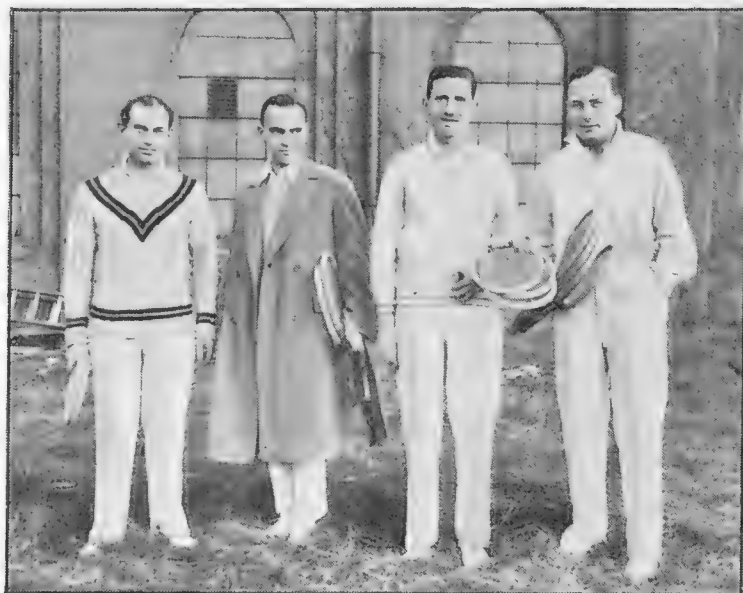
That the geographical position of a man's birthplace should enter into the question at all seems to me extremely hard on the golfer, good enough to play in the team, who that year, with regard to the composition of the team, happens to have been born in the wrong part of England.



Cambridge University Golf Team. Back row (left to right): A. M. Wilson; W. H. Bermingham; W. E. S. Bond; E. Martin-Smith; H. C. Longhurst. Sitting: W. C. Carr; E. M. Prain; K. M. Stobart (captain); G. Illingworth; B. C. Crouch. In front: J. D. Little, F. E. Blackstone.



Oxford University Golf Team. Back row (left to right): E. A. Swatton-Brooks; J. R. Keen; G. P. Jackson; C. R. Russell; A. T. Barber. Sitting: A. C. Marples; R. H. Baugh; A. S. Bradshaw (captain); C. B. Mitchell; J. P. Marston. In front: R. L. Sykes; H. M. Bray.



Paris beat London at Dulwich Covered Courts by 12 matches to 9. The above group shows (left to right) Nigel Sharpe (London); A. Gentien and J. Brugnon (Paris); and J. S. Olliff (London).

NOW that April is here and covered courts are, we hope, a thing of the past for many months, it is time to review our lawn tennis resources for the fast approaching season and the performances of our players to date. There is apparently no fresh talent to burst suddenly on to the horizon, but then it takes a very long time to mature a champion, and longer still to dethrone him once the pinnacle has been reached.

Nevertheless, although we have not at the present moment quite a Tilden, Cochet or Lacoste in this country, we have several very useful players coming on. Even so, owing to the seeding by merit which is now in force at Wimbledon, no more than one or two of our players at most are likely to reach the last eight.

Our Davis Cup team, however, should have an excellent chance of reaching the final of the European zone. Our first round match, by the way, against Poland, is fixed to begin at Warsaw on May 10th and should not cause us a particularly anxious time. Our selectors have none too easy a job in front of them for subsequent matches; the choice of our singles players should not be difficult, but much will depend on picking the correct pair for the doubles.

THE BRITISH TEAM'S RETURN.

IT is early yet to foretell exactly which players will take the foremost places in the international matches throughout the season, though it is fairly evident that the members of the British touring team who have just returned after their epoch-making trip will be very much in the picture. The vast experience they must have gained will be felt later on, if not at once.

The team as a whole appear to have made an excellent impression wherever they have played, and have certainly attained one of the chief objects of their tour, namely, the promotion of good fellowship throughout the lawn tennis playing countries they have visited. Through the medium of our representatives just returned the Wimbledon visits of our overseas players have been returned and old friendships cemented. The tactful secretary of our L.T.A., R. Sabelli,

who accompanied our team as non-playing manager, has, from all accounts, helped towards this end.

However badly things were going Gregory refused to be upset, and his pleasant smile under all conditions has made him a popular figure in all lands, especially "down under." His supporters will hope for great things from his racquet this coming season. Gregory's victory over F. T. Hunter early on in America, and his great triumph in the Australian Championships, were his two best performances.

Although the greatest artist, Austin, was a little disappointing, never once for a whole match did he touch on his Wimbledon form of last year; his smashing, too, was notably weak all through the tour. Evidently the continued strain of the trip prevented Austin from producing his best. The stout-hearted

The Coming Lawn Tennis Season

With the end of the covered courts season, our contributor reviews the prospects for the coming lawn tennis season and anticipates that the British Davis Cup team should reach the final of the European Zone.

By F. Gordon Lowe

GREGORY'S SMILE.

TAKING the rough with the smooth, the actual playing re-

SHARPE AND OLLIFF.

THE success of Gregory and Collins in South Africa is gratifying in view of the display in doubles which our team gave in the London v. Paris match at Dulwich. It was this weakness which cost us the engagement by 12 rubbers to 9. In singles the London team were the masters. Sharpe and Olliff demonstrated how two good singles players can make a comparatively innocuous doubles combination. At the same time, on the last afternoon, when these two young players captured the first set from Brugnon and Gentien from a losing position they looked for a brief moment like keeping the contest alive for London.

Olliff was the real offender in this encounter and the chief cause of his side's defeat; his service, lamentably weak on the second, was the vulnerable spot. This delivery of his must be improved, or it will always be a handicap when opposed to players of the continent, who are thus enabled to take the initiative at once. Olliff, however, played very "heady" tennis while bringing off a great victory against Boussus. His partner, Sharpe, has also only a medium service and is very uncertain overhead, although he is extremely good in a single.



A London and Paris group. From left to right: C. Boussus and R. George (Paris); C. Sedgwick (Dulwich); R. de Buzet, A. Martin Legeay and G. Glasser (Paris); S. W. Harris (London); — Rodel (Paris, Captain); C. G. Eames, H. N. Latchford and H. G. N. Lee (London). In the foreground, S. N. Doust (London, Captain)

Harlequins Abroad

The insular Englishman knows little of the Harlequins other than those who have their headquarters at Twickenham. There are other Harlequins which are equally famous—abroad.

By

John Orchard

TALKING Rugger with a South African in the Twickenham dressing-room immediately after the Final Trial last year, I was not a little startled when he remarked: "I've been a member of the Harlequins 1st XV. for the past five seasons." I rootled about in my memory in search of his name and my discomfort was evidently reflected in my face. "Insular Englishman!" he scoffed, "I'm speaking of the Harlequins of South Africa!"

I thereupon bestirred myself to ferret out something about the different Harlequin Rugby Football Clubs of the world and I have just received two delightful letters, both brimful of information and the real Rugby spirit, from Mr. G. Pilditch, the Hon. Secretary of the Harlequin R.F.C. of South Africa, and Mr. H. J. Crabbe, the Hon. Secretary of the Harlequin R.F.C. of New South Wales, respectively. There are probably other Harlequin clubs (for instance, the Welsh club of that name is known to most of us) and I should be pleased to hear from the secretary of any such club.

ORIGIN OF THE CLUB.

THE Harlequin Rugby Football Club of Pretoria was originally founded under the name of the Civil Service Club in 1902. The membership of this club was largely drawn from young Civil Servants who were Old Boys of such colleges as the Diocesan College, Rondebosch; the South African College, Cape Town; St. Andrews College, Grahamstown; and Victoria College, Stellenbosch. In Pretoria, however, there were many young men who were not eligible for the Railway, New Zealand or Civil Service Clubs and who were, for this reason or for that, averse to joining the Pretoria Club which was the only open or non-qualification Club in the city at the time. To meet this difficulty the Civil Service Club decided to offer these young men sanctuary and in 1903, at a special meeting, it was not only resolved to change the character and name of the club but it was further proposed that that name should be "The Harlequins."

The Secretary was accordingly instructed to write to the London Harlequins asking permission to adopt their name and colours. The reply took the form of a friendly and greatly appreciated letter from Adrian Stoop thanking the Civil Service Club for the compliment, granting the required permission and extending a cordial invitation to any Pretoria Harlequin to make himself known at the headquarters of the London Harlequins in the event of a visit to London. Thus was born the Pretoria Harlequin Club.

A NOTABLE RECORD.

THE Club's record is such that the parent club in London must be glad and proud to have entrusted its name and colours to its keeping. During the Great War no less than 85 per cent. of its members proceeded on active service and, although much honour and many awards were acquired, their ranks were sadly thinned. Nevertheless, they have carried on in the face of all



London Hospital beat St. George's Hospital by 28 points to nil in the replayed semi-final of the Hospitals Rugby Cup.

difficulties and, holding fast to their reputation for good sportsmanship and good fellowship, they have just crowned all their work with the most successful season in the history of the club. In the season of 1928 they placed seven teams in the field who, between them, played 103 matches; of these, 85 were won, 9 lost and 9 drawn! Two of the teams went through the season undefeated, while the first team won twenty matches out of twenty-two, losing one and drawing one, and ending up champions of the Grand Challenge group. Can any other first-class club look such figures as these in the face?

AUSTRALIAN HARLEQUINS.

THE N.S.W. Harlequin R.F.C. is quite a young organisation, deficient in history but choke-full of ambition; nor does it claim any connection, beyond that of the brotherhood of sport, with the famous London club.

Mr. Crabbe tells me that the Rugby Union is progressing rapidly in Australia; Queensland

has recommended the fifteen a-side game, while in Victoria and Western Australia the code is rapidly taking hold. This year the Waratahs and the All Blacks are due to meet each other in Sydney, once again on the famous Sydney Cricket Ground, and a team representative of Australia (and not N.S.W. alone) will be picked against the champions of New Zealand. A lusty battle, this! Next year a British team visits Australia, and the Sydney Harlequins are naturally hoping for the inclusion of a London Harlequin or two. Good luck to this ambitious young club!

HISTORY OF THE LONDON CLUB.

I SHALL not be out of tune with my subject if I take this opportunity of reminding Rugger men of the origin and history of the London Harlequin Club. The club was founded as long ago as 1867, when it was known as the Hampstead F.C., and actually played its early matches on Hampstead Heath. In 1870 it changed both its name and playing pitch, assuming the name of "Harlequins" and moving to a ground at no great distance from the present headquarters of the Arsenal F.C. in Highbury. From then onwards the club was chiefly notable for its mobility; grounds were acquired at Swiss Cottage, Putney, Kensal Green, Stamford Brook, Turnham Green, Chiswick Park, Catford, Wimbledon and Wandsworth Common until it eventually pitched its tent at the present Rugby Union ground at Twickenham in 1909.

Naturally, the club passed through many vicissitudes in



Middlesex won the County Rugby Championship at Liverpool, when they beat Lancashire by 9 points to 8 in a stirring game. A Middlesex player cleverly avoids a tackle.

this period, but the loyalty and enthusiasm of its members carried it so successfully through its difficulties that to-day it probably shares with Blackheath the distinction of being the most influential club in the country. The fast, open play that has grown to be regarded as the "English style" was first launched upon a horrified world by A. D. Stoop through the medium of the Harlequins; it is even said that the first time the Harlequins indulged in passing behind their own goal-line, at least three old gentlemen in the pavilion collapsed in a dead faint. The Rugby game owes much of its present popularity to the initiative of the Harlequins.

Finance & City Section

YOU and your MONEY

By A. G. Walsh

EVERY Stock Exchange security, no matter what its nature, is in a sense more or less a speculation, for it is liable to rise and fall in value, and to a greater or lesser extent may fail to fulfil its promises. The manner in which even the safest securities can vary in market value is observed in the price changes over the last two years.

In that limited period the quotation of Five per cent. War Loan has fluctuated between 100½ and 103½; of Funding Loan between 85½ and 93; and of 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan between 74½ and 79. Current prices are 2 to 6 per cent. below these highest points. As I pointed out in a recent article, the market value of a security is the measure of somebody's desire to acquire it.

Such measure is determined largely by the conditions of the moment, which in the case of Government and other gilt-edged stocks are primarily the monetary situation (the cheapness or dearness of money), the state of markets and the supply and demand. Gilt-edged stocks have declined in value of late because money is dear, which is another way of saying that interest rates are rising and investors expect slightly higher yields.

Investors need not be scared out of their holdings of high-grade investments in the fear that values will continue to trend lower. The causes responsible for the decline in values are temporary, and matters will adjust themselves later when the monetary situation improves, as undoubtedly it will.

MINIMISING RISK.

THE speculative element, which is present in practically every security, as I have stated above, can only be minimised by a proper distribution of risks. Gilt-edged stocks, like British Government loans, are known as "money stocks," for they are considered to be as good as money, and, therefore, fluctuate in value in accordance with its cheapness or dearness.

But there are high-class securities which, although not exactly money stocks, are practically as good from the point of security. And these do not fluctuate to the same extent under monetary conditions. The market supply is somewhat limited as compared with the large volume of Government stocks in issue, so that it would be dangerous to lower market prices appreciably in case buyers came forward and insisted upon their demands being met at the reduced quotations.

The stocks I have in mind are well-secured mortgage debentures. Some investors do not know what a debenture stock really is; many are under the erroneous impression that it is a particular class of share capital. Debenture stock represents loan or borrowed capital and is specifically secured upon the whole or a portion of the undertaking owned by the company granting the debenture. The charge may be either fixed or floating, or a combination of the two.

A fixed charge generally is given on freehold property or other assets of a fixed character and often is secured by a mortgage. In such case the debenture stock is in effect a mortgage upon certain assets, and, if these have a realisable value exceeding the amount of debenture stock issued, there can be no question about the security.

Where there is no fixed charge the debenture may be a floating charge—that is, secured upon assets which vary from day to day, such as stock in trade and liquid assets such as debtor items. Leading authorities, however, take the view that a debenture need not be secured by a specific charge. In itself a debenture creates a prior charge over the assets of the company.

The advantage of securing a debenture by a mortgage is that no other charge can be charged on the assets so mortgaged without the consent of the debenture-holders.

ADVANTAGES OF A DEBENTURE.

WHERE a debenture is secured as a floating charge, the company is at liberty to dispose of the charged assets, such as stock and debtor items, as it pleases, so long as it fulfils its obligations to the debenture-holders. It is only when something adverse happens, such as the non-payment of interest, that the security crystallises. In that event the debenture-holders can put in a receiver to guard the assets in their interest.

The advantages possessed by debentures over share capital are many. Interest must

be met regularly, otherwise dividends on the share capital cannot be paid. Should the company fail to pay the interest, or the security for the principal be in jeopardy, the debenture-holders can appoint a receiver to take possession of the undertaking on their behalf. Holders of shares, preference or ordinary, who have to forgo dividends have not this remedy, unless the company is in a desperate plight.

Debentures are readily marketable and where well secured and issued by large companies are much sought after by investors.

A SOUND SELECTION.

HERE is a selection of debentures well covered by assets and with a comfortable margin of profit behind the annual interest and redemption services:—

Lever Brothers 5 per cent. first mortgage debentures redeemable at par by 1941; market price 99.

London General Omnibus 5 per cent. income debentures redeemable at par by 1962; price 97½.

Vickers 5½ per cent. first mortgage debentures redeemable at 103 by 1972, or after 1937 at company's option; price 100.

Anglo-Persian Oil 5 per cent. debentures redeemable by 1960 at 105; price 97½.

Dunlop Rubber 6 per cent. second debentures repayable at 102 per cent. by 1940; price 103.

Union Castle Steamship 6 per cent. debentures at 101 and Chivers 6 per cent. first mortgage debentures at 103½ are other two high-yielding investments, while a still better

return is given by Leopoldina Railway 6½ per cent. terminable debentures at 102. Later, however, are repayable at par in 1933.

The debentures of several established investment trusts and financial companies constitute good holdings, but, being more tightly held, are not so readily obtainable as those mentioned above. Within this category come British Assets Trust 5 per cent. debentures at 97, Foreign and Colonial Investment 5 per cent. debentures at 96, Guardian Investment 4 per cent. debentures at 76, and Australian Estates and Mortgage 5 per cent. "A" debentures at 80.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to enquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

OTTOMAN DEBT PAYMENTS.

WITH the settlement between the various bondholders' organisations and Turkey the way has been paved for the resumption of interest payments on the Ottoman debt. All that now awaits is the



General Sir Herbert Lawrence, who is chairman of Vickers, foresees a new industrial era and believes that new production methods will assist British trade

approval of the bondholders themselves. This will be ascertained by the presentation of coupons for encashment.

It will be assumed that bondholders who present their coupons and bonds either to the Council of Foreign Bondholders, 17, Moorgate, E.C., or to the Ottoman Bank, 26, Throgmorton Street, E.C., approve of the arrangement in regard arrears of interest and future payments.

Unless the proportion of the assenting bondholders reaches 40 per cent. by the end of May next the agreement arrived at will be considered as null and void. In that case there is no saying how long it will be before a new arrangement will be made. Bondholders should accept, as the best possible under the circumstances, the terms already submitted by Turkey to the bondholders' organisations. Full details of the scheme and proposed scale of payments can be obtained from the Council of Bondholders.

NEW ISSUE APPLICATIONS.

MY recent observations upon the right of subscribers to a new capital issue to withdraw their applications before the closing of the lists has prompted a correspondent to raise an interesting point. "An applicant for shares issued under a prospectus," he writes, "can obviously by the law of offer and acceptance, withdraw that offer up to the time when and until it is accepted and the contract completed."

But what constitutes acceptance? he asks. "Does the closing of the subscription list constitute acceptance?" My correspondent submits that "acceptance" is not made until the letter of allotment (that is, of acceptance) is posted. He is right according to leading legal authorities. The Courts have ruled that an application for shares followed by a communication that an allotment has been made constitutes a contract between the applicant and the company, from which neither party is at liberty to withdraw.

But in an application under a prospectus the bargain is not completed until allotment has been made by the directors. And until this has been done obviously an application for new shares can be withdrawn successfully.

But under what conditions can this be effective? According to a legal decision withdrawal of an application is effective only as at the time when it reaches the company and not as at the time of posting. On the other hand, the communication of the allotment is considered to be made at the time of the posting of the letter of allotment, even though by some mischance it never reaches the applicant.

In my opinion, in the event of a dispute as to the effectiveness of a withdrawal of an application, the onus of proving that the communication reached the company before the posting of the letter of allotment would appear to lie with the applicant for the shares. That is why a telegraphic communication cancelling an application is considered to be

the surest way to withdraw an application in respect of any new issue.

£9,000,000 NEW DIAMONDS.

SOUTH AFRICA last year produced diamonds to the amount of nearly 3½ millions carats, valued at just over £9,000,000. These figures do not include the quantities discovered in Namaqualand, which are believed to amount to several millions sterling. As compared with the year 1927, the foregoing figures reveal a falling off in the output, the total value being £3,364,000 less. Sales of stones last year also recorded a decline of about £3,300,000, the total value decreasing to £8,528,880.

CAUSE OF WALL STREET CRASH.

WHAT were the precise influences that brought about the crash I cannot say at the moment of writing. I gather that

That is why I tell people who buy for a rise not to hold out for the uttermost sixpence. The higher in price a speculative share goes the further it can fall back. And once a slump sets in there is no saying when it may stop.

STIFLING SPECULATION.

WITHIN three months New York Stock Exchange has experienced two very pronounced slumps. The crash that occurred just before Christmas involved thousands of speculators in heavy losses. One would have thought that the moral of that lesson would have been plain. But no; speculation continued rampant. So much so that the Federal Reserve Board issued strong warnings early in February against the continued use of bank credit for stock exchange speculation. However, I suppose that so long as speculators were content to pay 10 per cent., and more, for funds where- with to finance their gambles, credits were forthcoming.

It was perfectly obvious from the growing monetary stringency that such conditions could not go on for long. No surprise was occasioned, when on the eve of the Easter holidays, a fresh slump occurred on Wall Street. Close observers of the situation expected it. The very atmosphere in Wall Street indicated that a break was imminent and that a deluge of forced liquidation would follow.

OUR MARKETS QUIET.

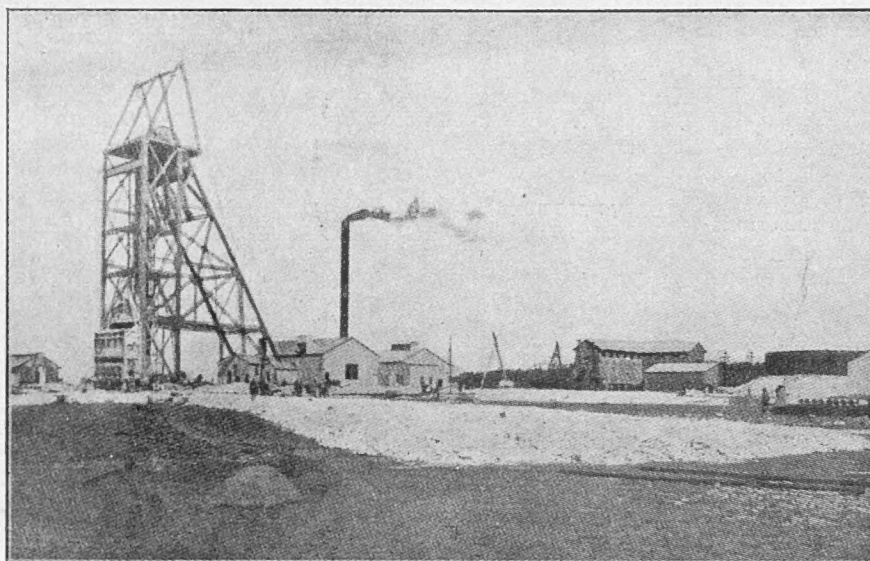
AT any rate, we can congratulate ourselves here that our boom in Industrials died down some time ago and that the speculative account open on the London and provincial stock exchanges is comparatively small. There is little fear of repercussions here and with the advent of Easter, and the imminence of the Budget and then the General Election, a calm atmosphere

has prevailed here for two or three weeks past. And it is likely to continue throughout April. Thus the effect of any fresh happenings in Wall Street of an adverse character is more likely to be sentimental than physical.

In the meantime, with the General Election looming ahead, I am not looking for any speculative revival in our markets. Frankly, I consider that we are in for a quiet period of two or three months. Here and there bursts of speculation may occur in some specialities in response to some favourable influences. But no widespread movement is probable. Business will be on a limited scale until after the Election.

SAN PAULO FOR INVESTMENT.

HOME Rails, I notice, are displaying a firmer tendency. Prospects of a general improvement in prices over the next six months will depend largely upon the traffic position. Foreign railway stocks in these days command scant attention. The really good stocks are fully valued and there is little to go for in the way of capital appreciation.



The Betty shaft at the Sub Nigel mine, which is being sunk to a depth of over 3,000 feet. This shaft should reach the reef horizon towards the end of the year. Just now the mine is the most talked of in the Transvaal following a disappointing report from Dr. Malcolm MacLaren, the well-known geologist who has revisited the property after some four years' interval. As fruitful development of the property has not kept pace with the rate of ore extraction he is of opinion that the end of this year will see a material reduction in ore reserves; and that current year's work must show an unavoidable reduction in the percentage of payable reef exposed. The result of this report has been to cause the shares to fall to 32s. 6d. as against 76s. at one time last year.

Reproduced from "The Mining and Industrial Magazine." (Johannesburg).

the seasonal demands for credits to finance agriculture and trade compelled the American banks to withdraw funds from Wall Street; not willingly, I am sure, considering the high interest rates that such credits can command in these hectic days. The outcome of a scarcity of credit is naturally a general advance in loan rates and I learn that "call money" (loans at call for brief periods—days, perhaps) went up to 20 per cent. Not since February, 1920, has so high a money rate prevailed.

However bereft of their senses speculators may become in a panic, few are so witless as to pay cheerfully up to a 20 per cent. rate on loans. The alternative, of course, is to sell out. That is what happened. I leave to the imagination the picture of eight million shares changing hands within a few hours, as actually happened last week on New York Stock Exchange. Selling orders poured in from all parts of the country, for on such occasions all that speculators think about is selling before the other fellows. Everyone appears to lose his head and prices go down pell-mell.

FINANCE AND CITY SECTION—continued.

The San Paulo, I see, repeats its previous dividend of 12 per cent., tax free, for the year. This includes the final dividend and bonus of 7 per cent. The stock would be an attractive purchase should the price drop back to £200, at which it would give a yield of 6 per cent. net, equivalent to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., subject to tax.

INDUSTRIALS UNCERTAIN.

THE immediate course of Industrials is uncertain. Assured dividend-payers such as Imperial Tobaccos, British American Tobaccos, Carreras, Coats, Babcock and Wilcox and other shares of the high-priced variety can always command a following whether markets be bright or dull. And then there are shares like Courtaulds, Imperial Chemicals, Margarine Unions and so forth which have possibilities in the way of capital appreciation. It is to such shares investors look even in dull times.

The so-called popularity of cheap shares is ephemeral; it is merely a craze, developed by financiers whose one desire is to get rid of rubbish at fancy prices. When this is accomplished, the craze is allowed to die and the unsophisticated get stuck with something that cannot be sold under normal conditions except at a loss.

THE CUNARD REPORT.

THE ups and downs of the shipping industry are reflected in the setback in the profits of the Cunard Line. It is not so much the decline in gross profits as the increase in outgoings such as operating expenses and depreciation allowances that is responsible for the diminution of £109,300 in the final outcome, the net profit being £550,500.

This barely justifies the maintenance of the dividend at $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., a course only possible by omitting the usual provision of £100,000 to reserve out of the profit. The shares have since changed hands below 26s., but in view of the financial soundness of the business it would not be wise to part with the shares at present.

G.E.C. NEW SHARES.

SIR HUGO HIRST, the chairman of the General Electric, has reiterated his determination to keep the control of the company in British hands. To placate the American shareholders, who were debarred from participating in the issue of new shares as originally proposed, he has submitted a new scheme for carrying out the issue of 1,500,000 new £1 shares.

All shareholders, irrespective of nationality, will be at liberty to take up the shares, but in view of the disability attaching to certain shareholders, arrangements are to be made to repurchase the shares from them within a given period at the market price.

It remains to be seen how the American shareholders will view this proposal. It does not deprive them of the small bonus representing the difference between the issue price and the higher market value of the shares, which after all is a consideration.

It is proposed to issue the new shares in the proportion of one for every sixteen held at a price not exceeding 40s. 8d. a share.

MORRIS MOTORS PREFS.

NOTWITHSTANDING that 1928 was a difficult year for the motor trade the Morris Motors has maintained its profit. The amount is £1,314,090. The first charge on this is the dividend on the $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. preference shares. It calls for £225,000 per annum, and on the basis of the latest profits is covered six times over.

I notice that the directors adhere to their sound policy of carrying surplus profits to reserve and disregarding dividends on the ordinary shares, which are mostly held by Sir William Morris. This time as much as £900,000 is transferred to reserve, so bringing up the total of the fund to £2,000,000—no mean achievement for a company formed only in 1926.

At under 21s. Morris Motors preference shares would be an attractive purchase. In these days it is not easy to obtain a $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dividend so well covered.

OILS AND MINES.

UNQUESTIONABLY the big issue for oil producing companies is limitation of production. The conference of the American Petroleum Institute last week approved the scheme to curtail the output of oil in the United States, Mexico and Venezuela by something like 8 per cent. In the United States production alone this will mean a diminution of 170,000 barrels of oil a day.

The object of the scheme is not to bring about a shortage of supplies, but primarily to conserve oil. Millions of barrels per annum are being lost under the existing wasteful production. When in operation the plan proposed should tend more to stabilise the price of crude oil than to cause a substantial increase.

I am still of opinion that it would be a mistake to dispose of good-class oil shares under present conditions. Everything points to an improvement before long in the oil situation.

What little public interest there is in mining shares still concentrates mainly upon Rhodesian copper shares. As New York has taken an interest in these, lively fluctuations are only to be expected in sympathy with the mood of Wall Street. The investor who does not want to burn his fingers would be well-advised to leave such shares alone. They have become the professional speculators' gamble, suitable for those in close touch with markets and who can job "in and out" with the sharp price fluctuations.

South African gold shares generally are out of favour and there is no sign yet of any effort to revive speculative interest in that erstwhile popular group.



View in the Baldwin Hills district of the Californian oilfields, the derricks marking the sites of oil wells. California has made rapid strides in the last three years as an oil producer and accounts now for nearly one-third of the total production of the United States. California to-day supplies the petrol requirements of motorists in the Pacific States, Western Canada and the Hawaiian Islands, and exports at times as much as 250,000 barrels per month to Europe via Panama Canal. By courtesy of "The Petroleum Times."

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